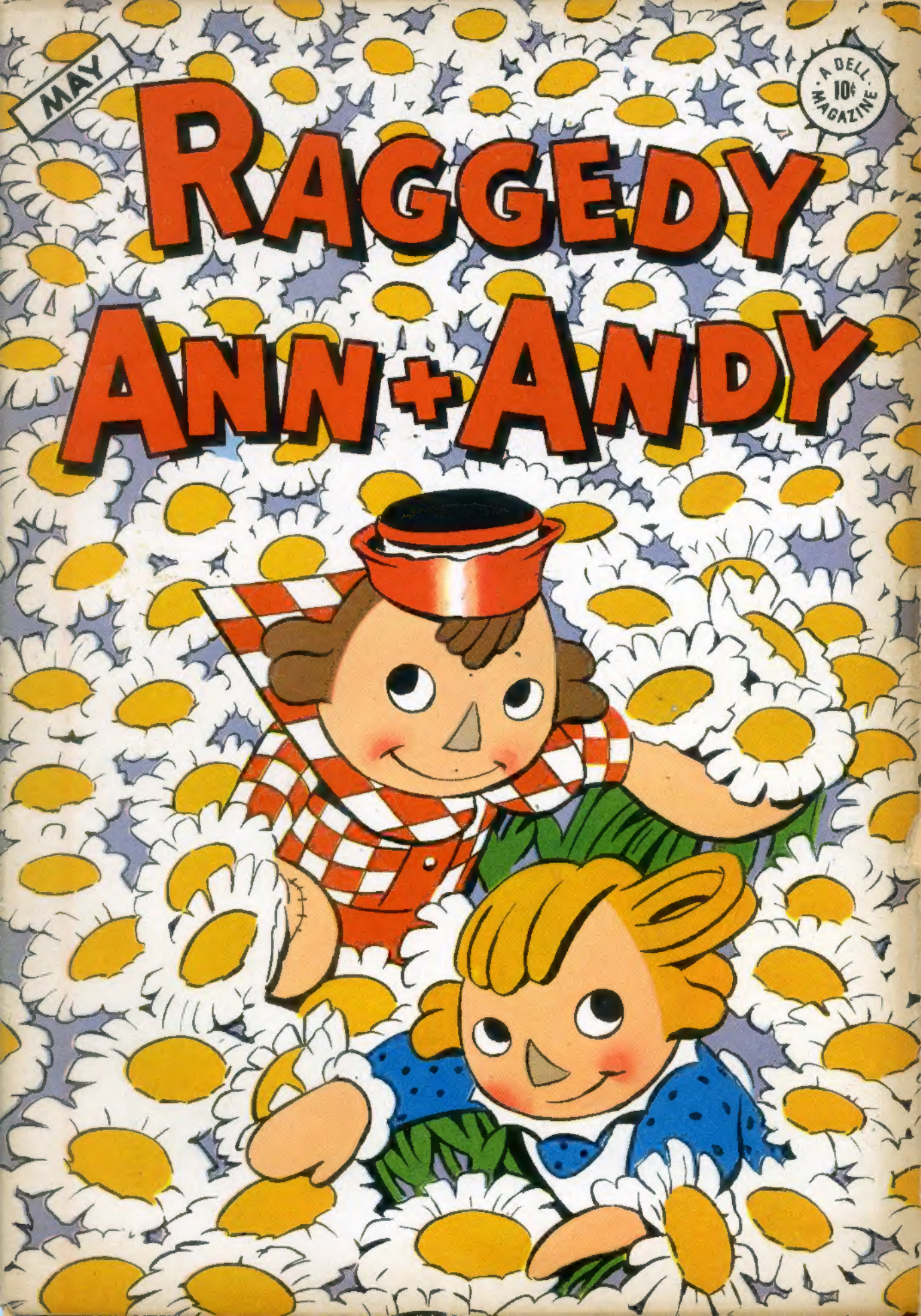
MAY

RAGGEDY ANN + ANDY

A DELL MAGAZINE 10¢



New York Zoological Society Photo

Born brand new
Right in the zoo,
The fuzzy-wuzziest imp
Is this little chimp.

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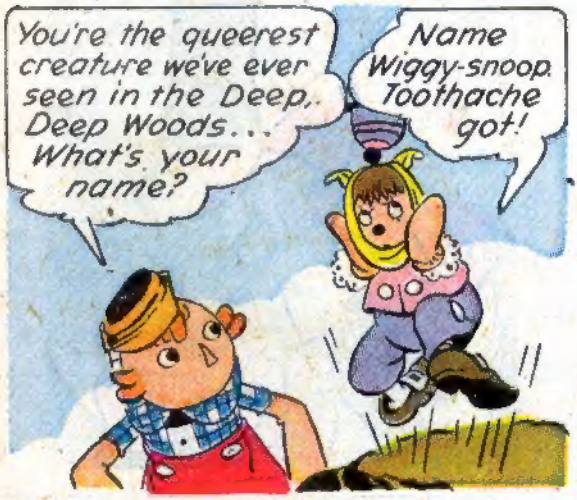
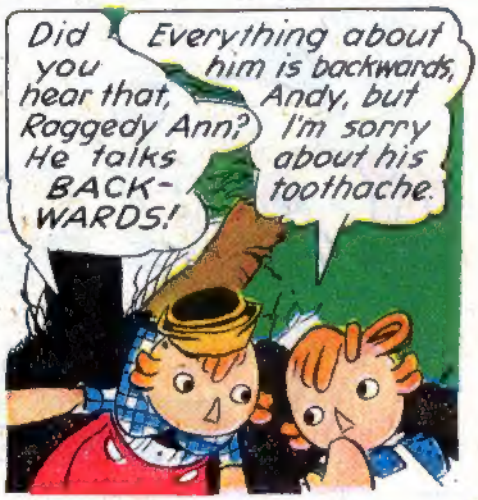
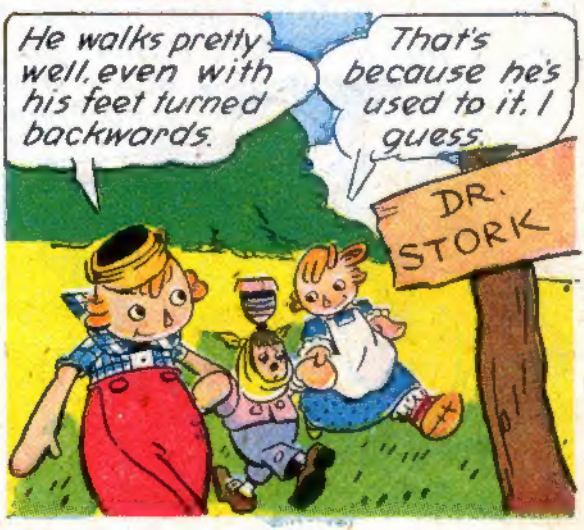
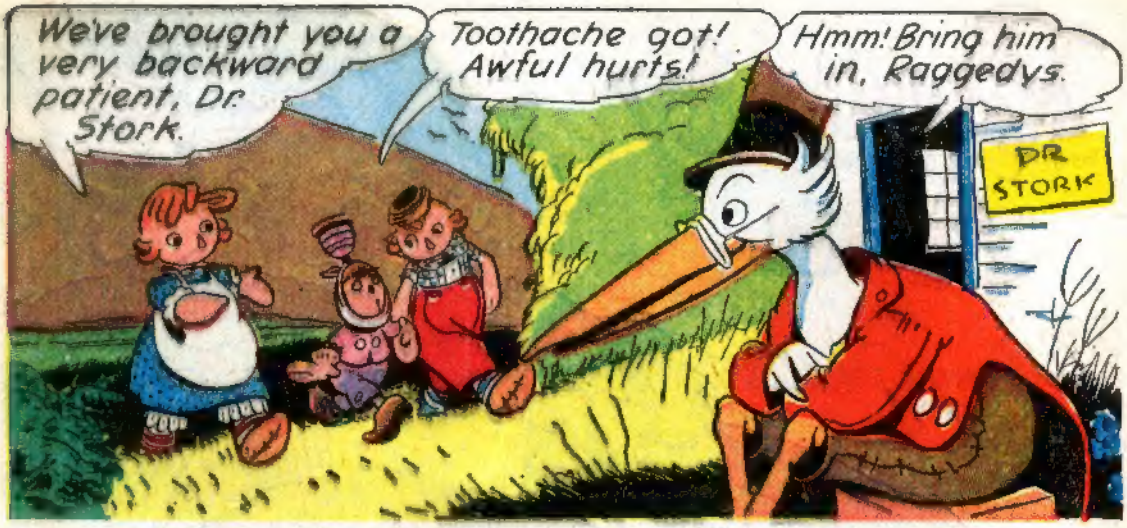
Raggedy Ann

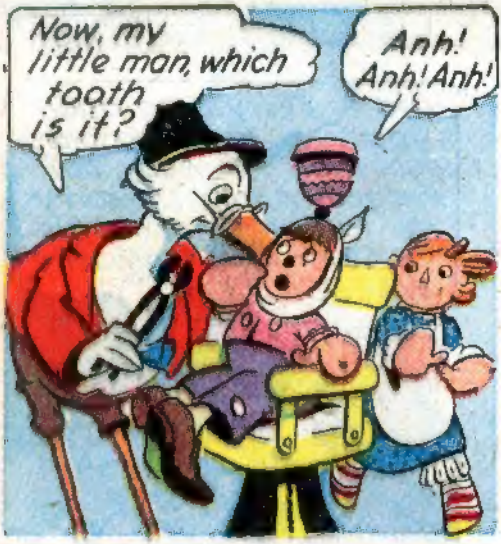
by Johnny Gruelle







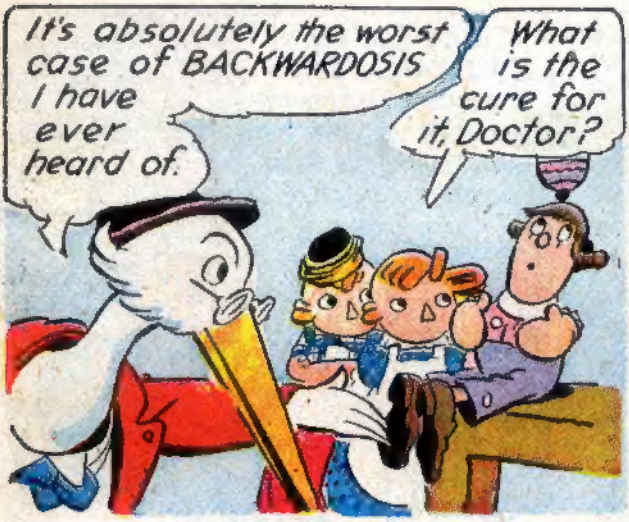

We've brought you a very backward patient, Dr. Stork.
Toothache got! Awful hurts!
Hmm! Bring him in, Raggedys.
DR STORK


Now, my little man, which tooth is it?
Anh! Anh! Anh!

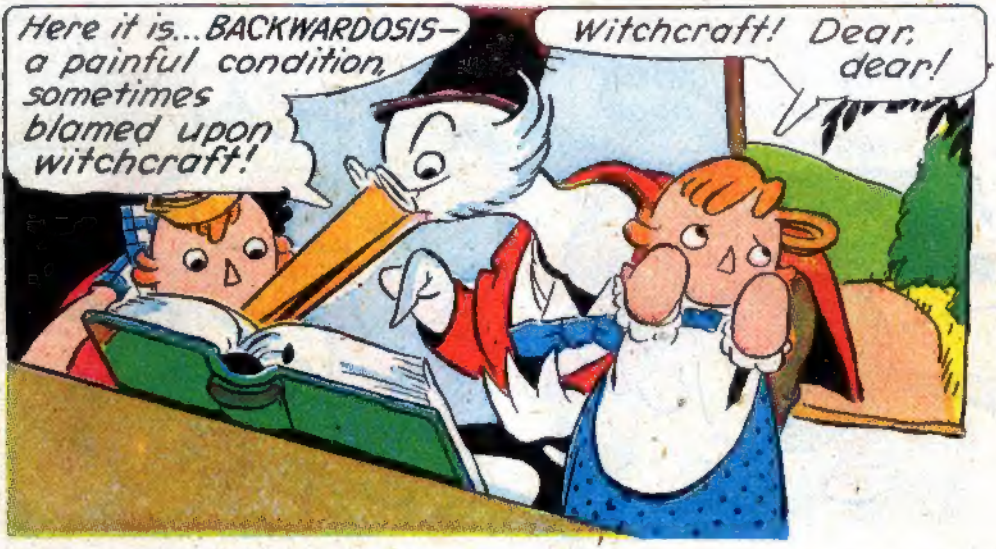
All right, Wiggy-snoop, open wide.

My, my! His false teeth were put in UPSIDE DOWN! No wonder they hurt him.

And there's something still worse! His nose has grown INWARD instead of OUTWARD!


It's absolutely the worst case of BACKWARDOSIS I have ever heard of.
What is the cure for it, Doctor?

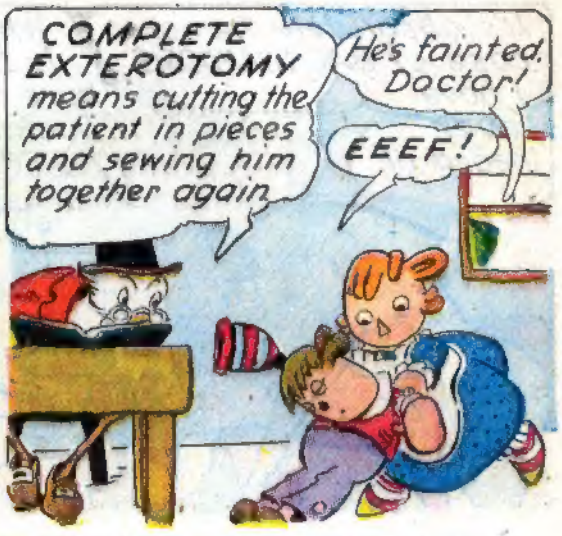
The cure? Ah, that is another matter. We'll see what my medical book says about it.


Here it is... BACKWARDOSIS— a painful condition, sometimes blamed upon witchcraft!
Witchcraft! Dear, dear!

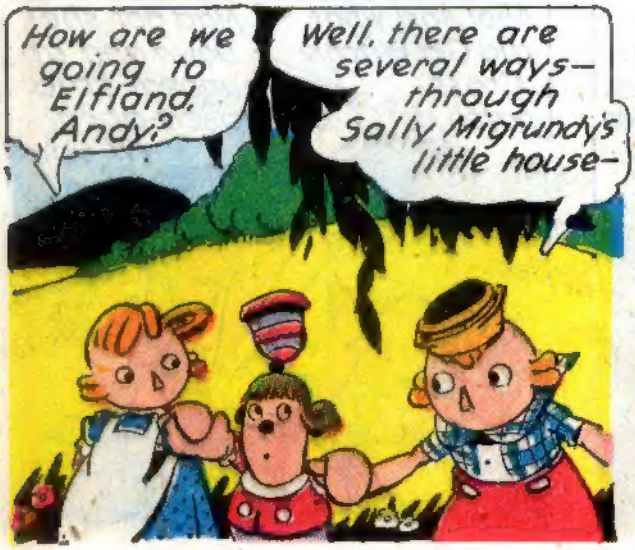
Wiggy-snoop, have you been messing around old Witchie Cross-patch, by chance?
Yes! Into her, by chance, two ago days, bumped I.

Aha! And what did Old Witchie Cross-patch do?
Mad got she! Down and up jumped—said, "Dabra-ca-abra, I'll you fix!"

That settles it—a genuine case of backwardosis! And the only remedy is a COMPLETE EXTEROTOMY.
Exter—ahem! What does that mean, Dr. Stork?

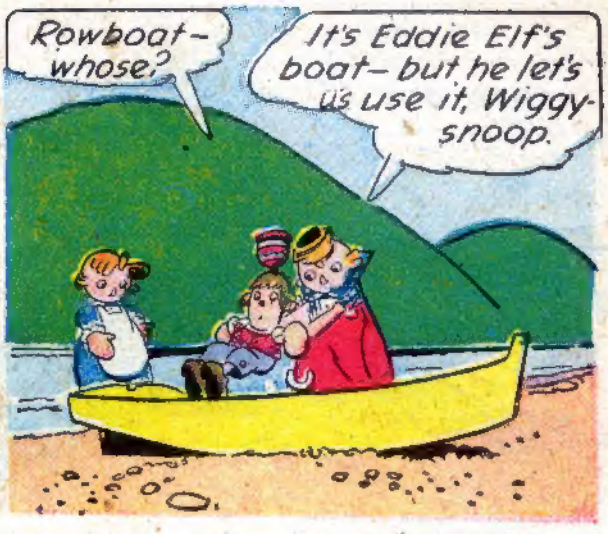

COMPLETE EXTEROTOMY means cutting the patient in pieces and sewing him together again.
He's fainted, Doctor!
EEEF!

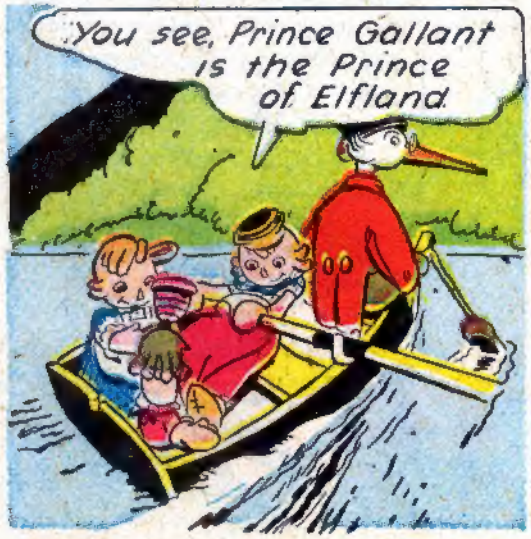
I'm sure there must be some less painful way of helping poor Wiggy-snoop.
We'll take him to Elfland.
Suit yourselves.


How are we going to Elfland, Andy?
Well, there are several ways—through Sally Migrundy's little house—

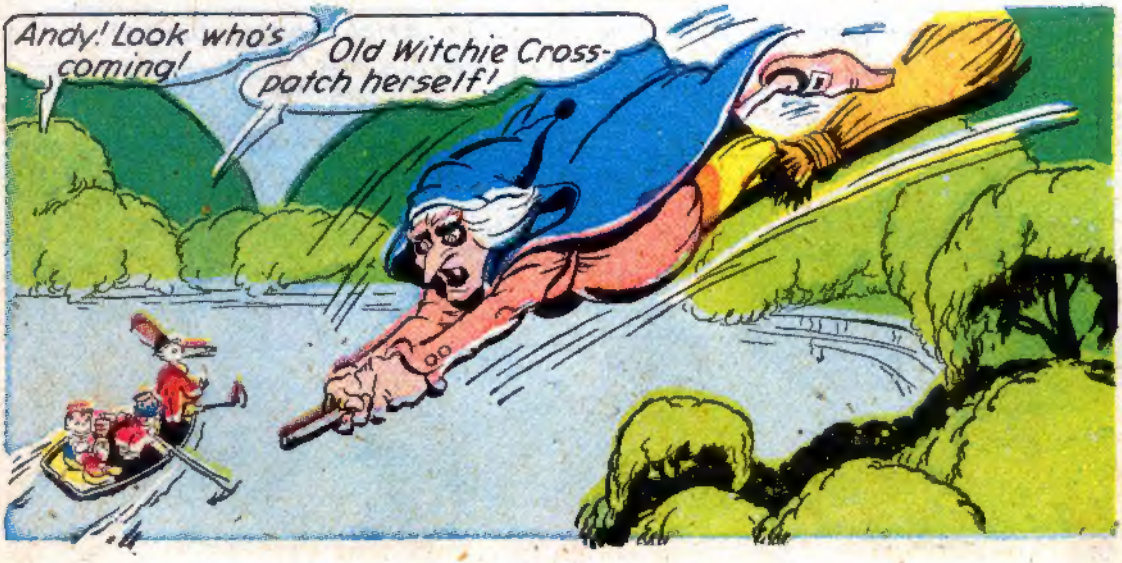
—or through Eddie Elf's looking glass—or over the Dancing Lake to the Castle of Prince Gallant...

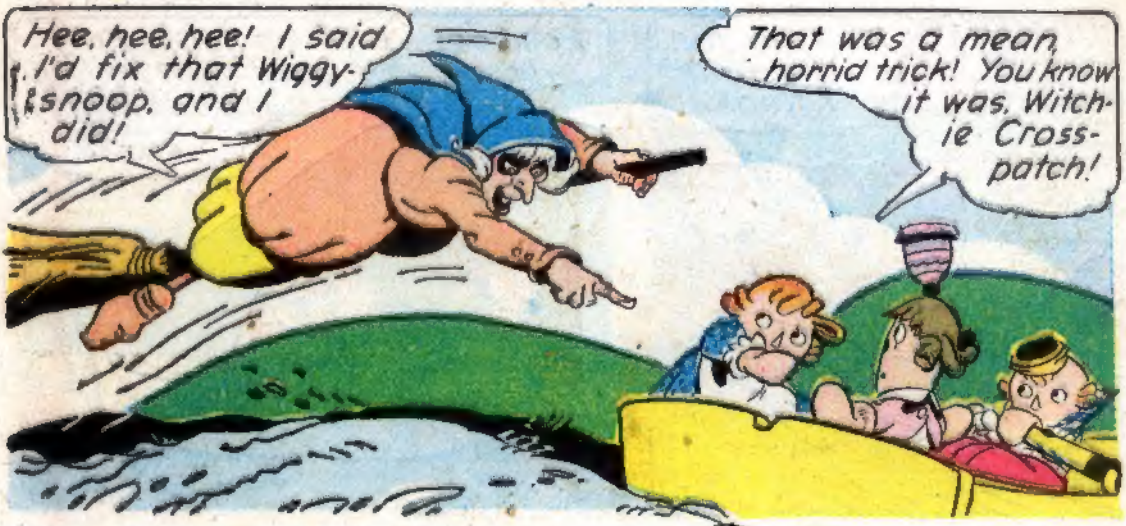
We'll go by the lake, I think.

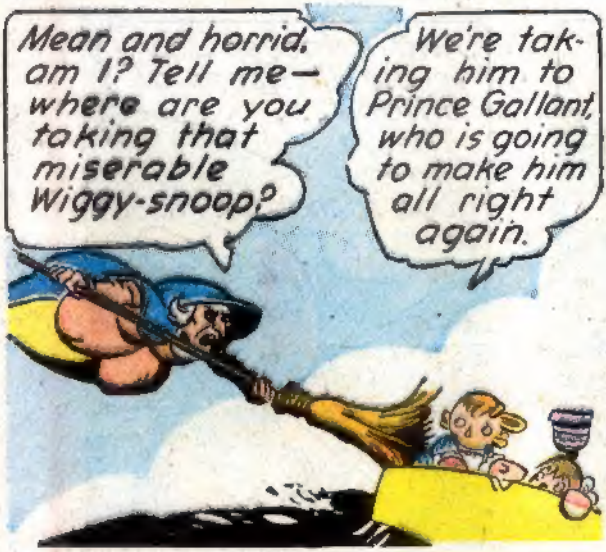

Rowboat– whose?
It's Eddie Elf's boat– but he let's us use it, Wiggy-snoop.


You see, Prince Gallant is the Prince of Elfland.

And Princess Joy is the Princess of Elfland. . . They're both good friends of ours.

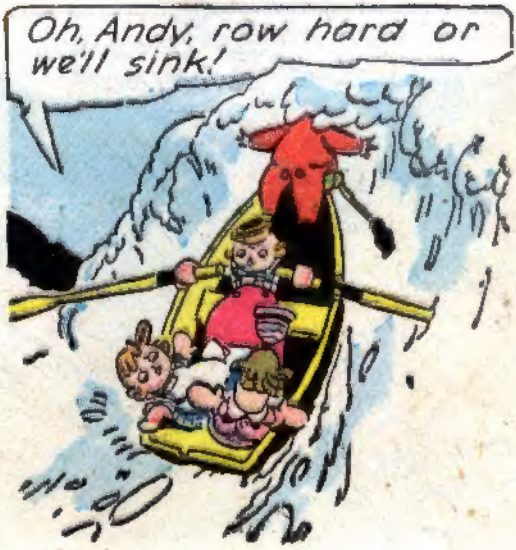

Andy! Look who's coming!
Old Witchie Cross-patch herself!


Hee, hee, hee! I said I'd fix that Wiggy-snoop, and I did!
That was a mean, horrid trick! You know it was, Witch-ie Cross-patch!


Mean and horrid, am I? Tell me— where are you taking that miserable Wiggy-snoop?
We're taking him to Prince Gallant, who is going to make him all right again.

So you're taking him to Prince Gallant, eh? I'll see about that! Meddling Raggedys!

You'll never get to the Castle! I'll raise a storm, so you'll never get anywhere!

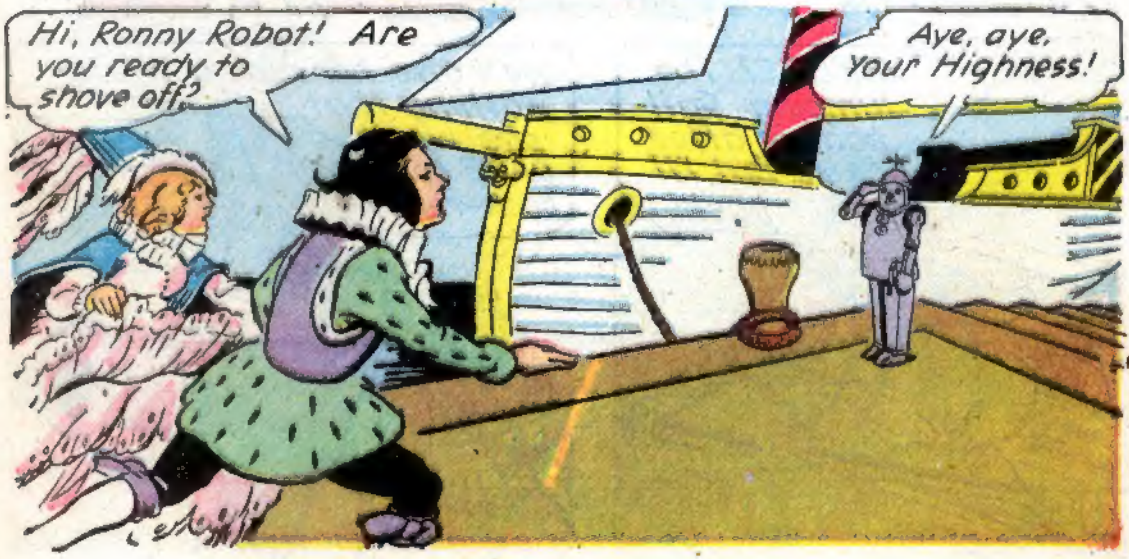

Oh, Andy, row hard or we'll sink!

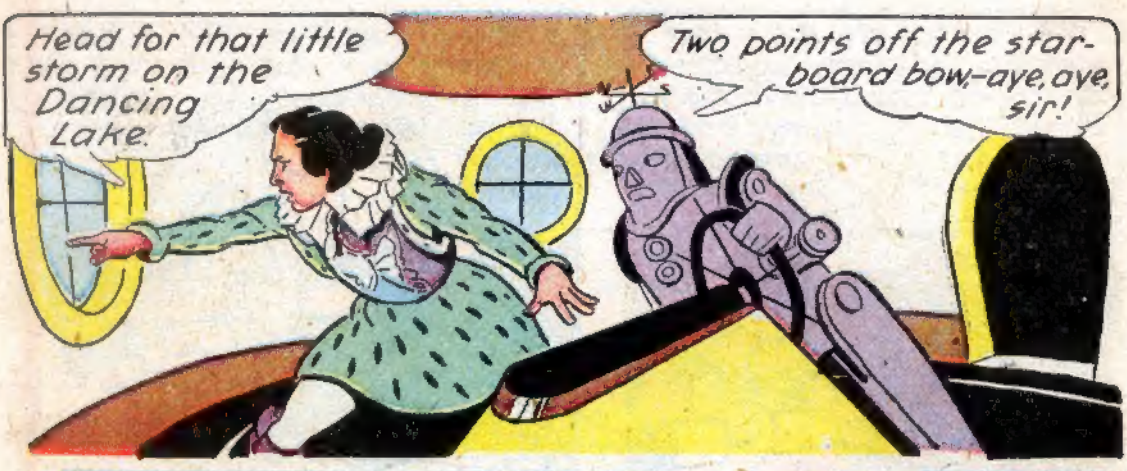
This is awful, Andy—we all may be drowned.
Not the Wiggy-snoop—he'll do it backwards and FLY instead of SINK.

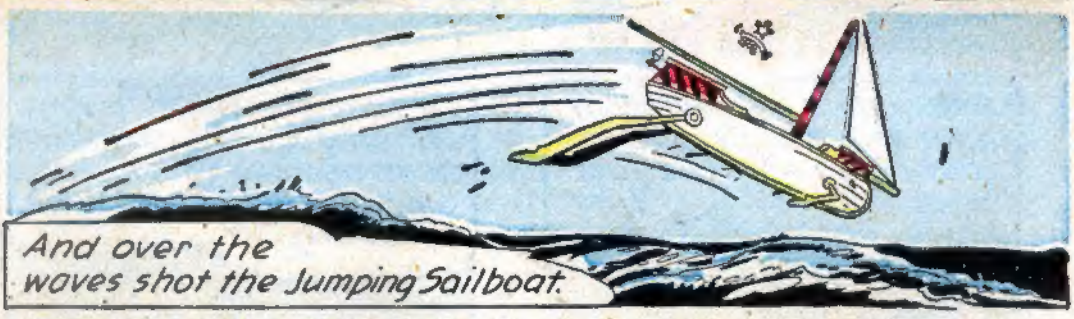
Princess Joy, I see a storm on the lake—and Old Witchie Crosspatch flying above it.
That horrid old witch

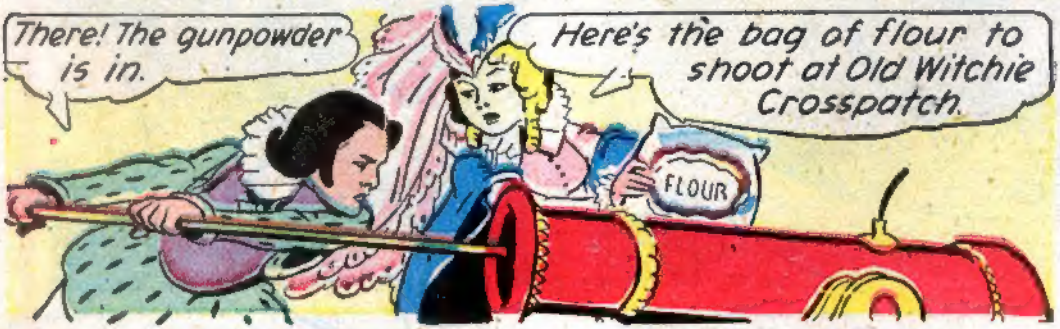
SHE must have raised that storm—to hurt some poor creature.
Hmm! It would be just like her.

I'll take the Jumping Sailboat and see who's in trouble.
I'm coming with you, Prince Gallant.

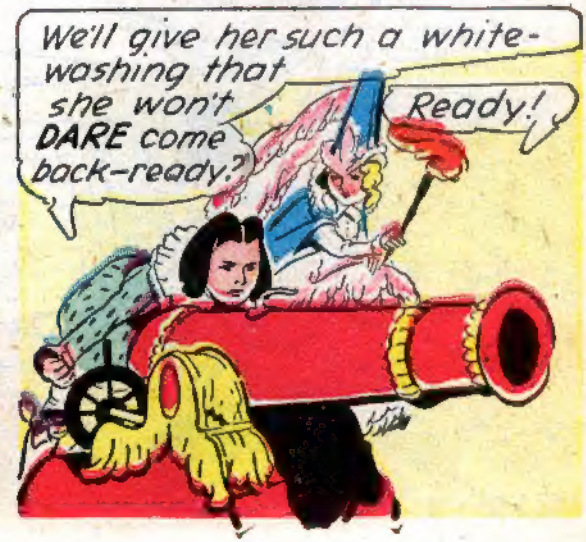

Hi, Ronny Robot! Are you ready to shove off?
Aye, aye, Your Highness!

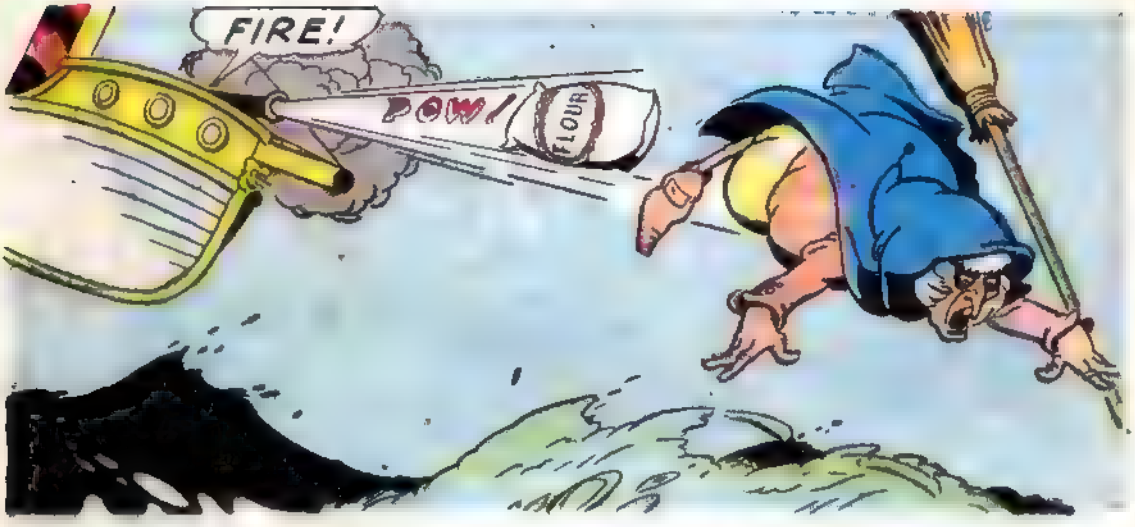

Head for that little storm on the Dancing Lake.
Two points off the starboard bow,-aye, aye, sir!

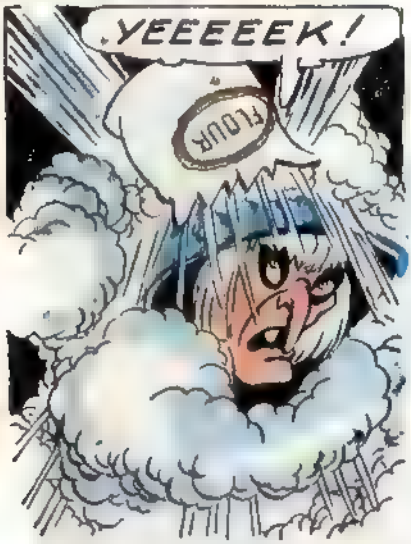

And over the waves shot the Jumping Sailboat.


There! The gunpowder is in.
Here's the bag of flour to shoot at Old Witchie Crosspatch.
FLOUR

YEEEEE! The Jumping Sailboat is after me! But I'll be back!


We'll give her such a white-washing that she won't DARE come back-ready?
Ready!


FIRE!
POW!
FLOUR


YEEEEEK!
FLOUR

We're saved! Prince Gallant drove Witchie away!

The Sailboat's derrick lifted boat and all aboard.

We were bringing poor Wiggy-snoop to you—to see if you could make him over
The poor thing! This is some of Old Witchie's work

We have a cure for **BACKWARDOSIS** at the castle... It's a Reverse Churning Machine, but it hasn't been used for years and years.

If only we can find it! We have so many machines...

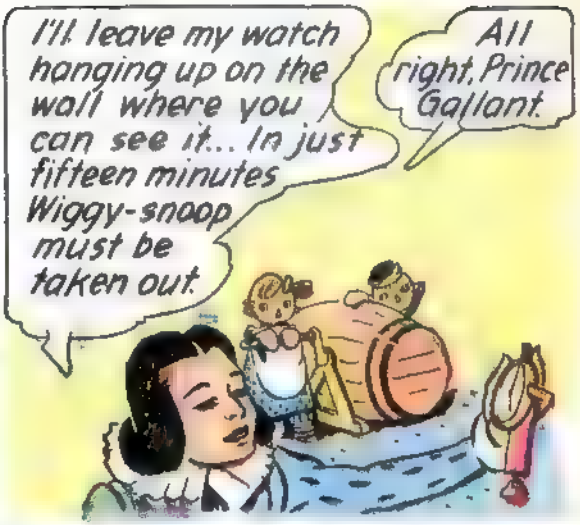
Look in the Pink Coral Tower, Prince Gallant. I think I saw it there.

There it is, sure enough— The Reverse Churning Machine

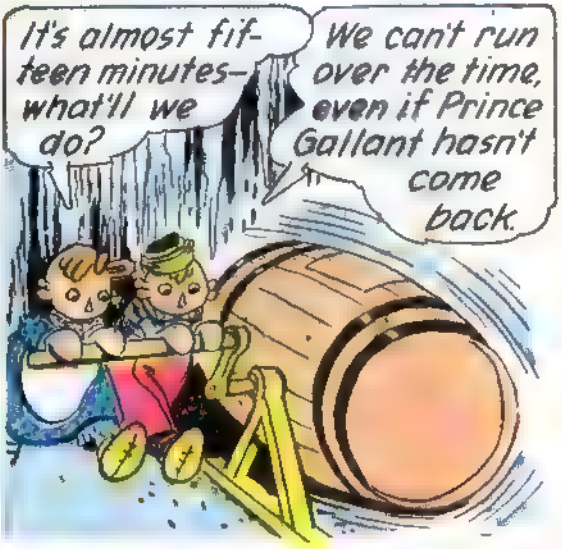
The rule says, "Use five pails of water and one pound of Inside-Out Soap."

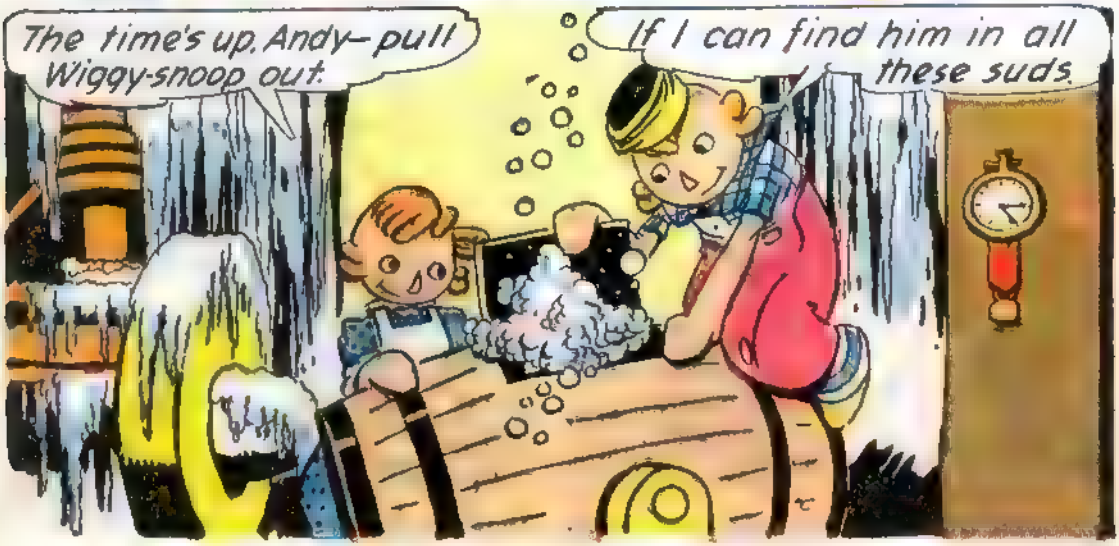
I've put the soap in already.

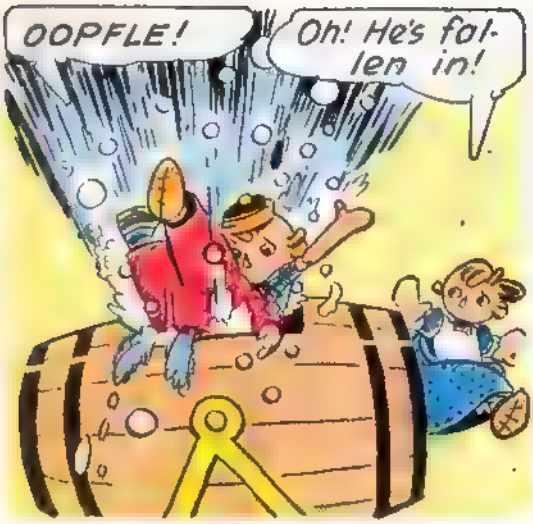
Here you go, into the churn.
I hope it won't be too unpleasant, Wiggy-snoop.

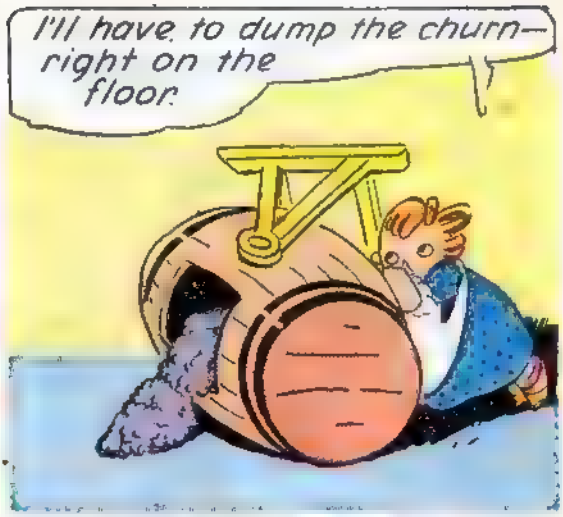

I'll leave my watch hanging up on the wall where you can see it... In just fifteen minutes Wiggy-snoop must be taken out.
All right, Prince Gallant.

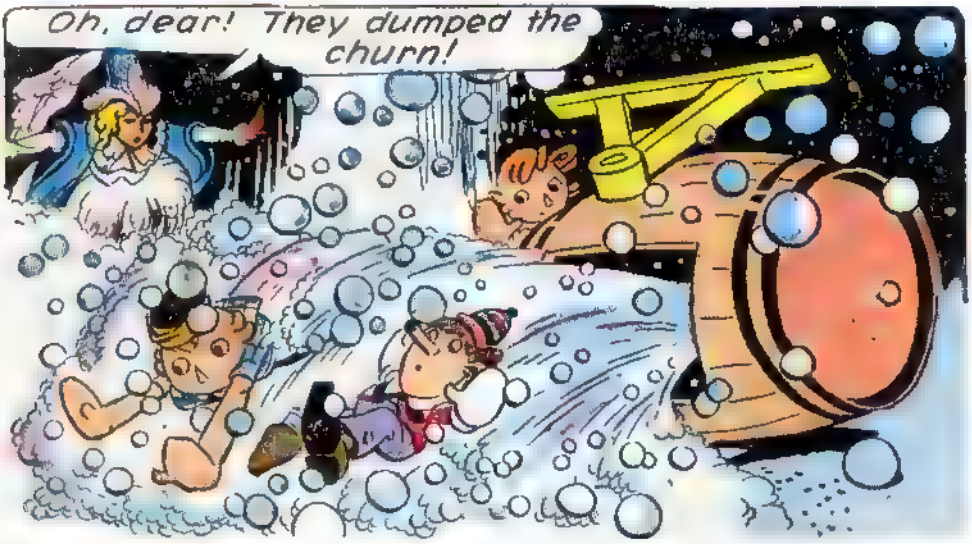
We'll be back about the time you're through-bye now.

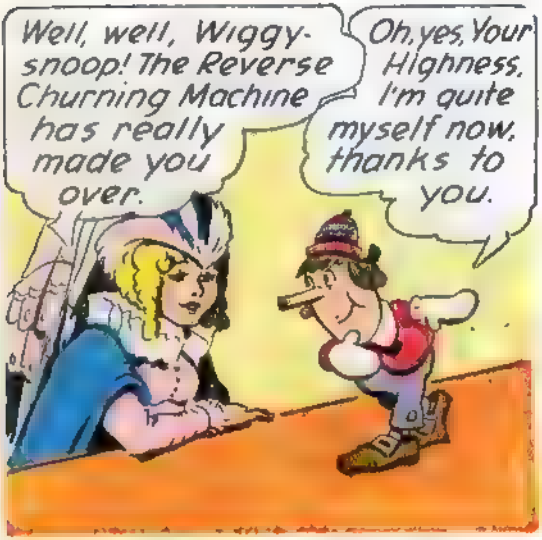

It's almost fifteen minutes—what'll we do?
We can't run over the time, even if Prince Gallant hasn't come back.

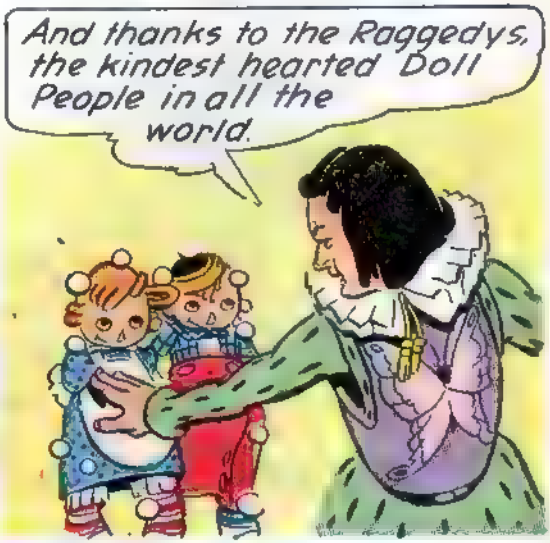

The time's up, Andy—pull Wiggy-snoop out.
If I can find him in all these suds.


OOPFLE!
Oh! He's fallen in!


I'll have to dump the churn—right on the floor.


Oh, dear! They dumped the churn!


Well, well, Wiggy-snoop! The Reverse Churning Machine has really made you over.
Oh, yes, Your Highness, I'm quite myself now, thanks to you.

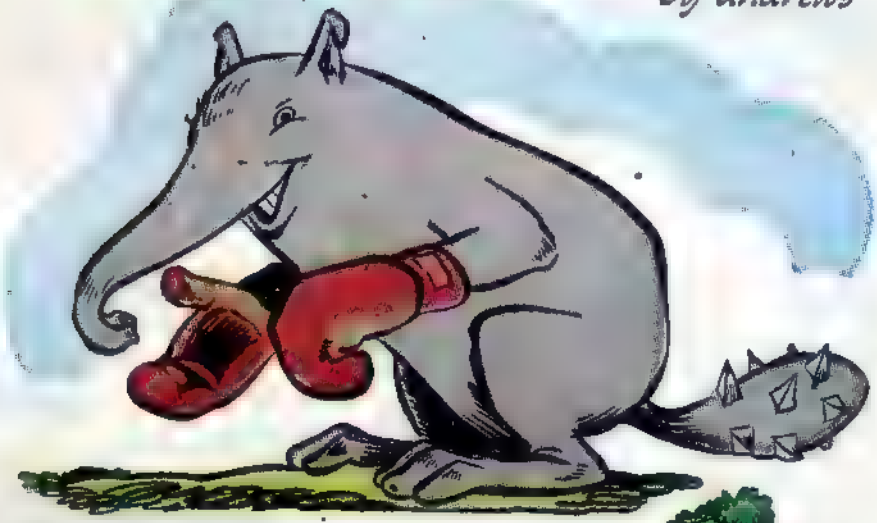

And thanks to the Raggedys, the kindest hearted Doll People in all the world.

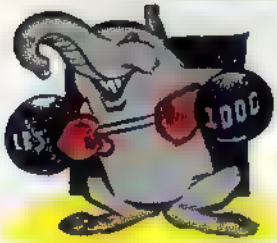
None-such animals

No. 4 **THE GLURK**

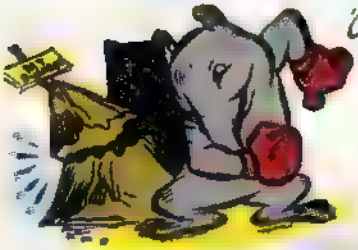
COPR 1947 BY OMAR LEBICK

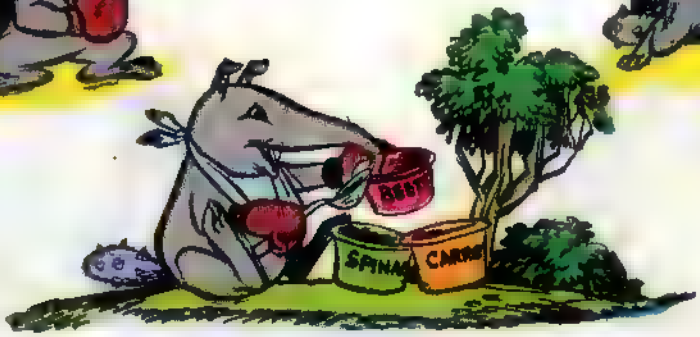
by Andrews





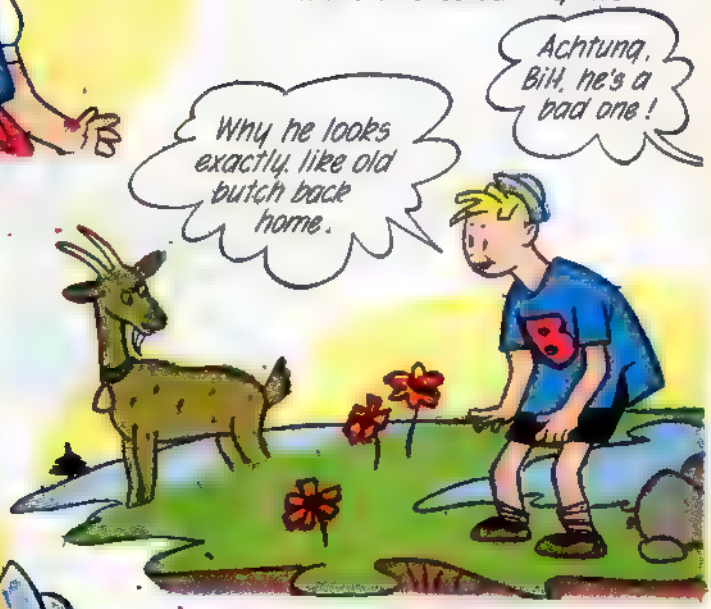
This is a GLURK
Who is strong as can be
He can knock down a
Mountain or pull up a tree.
His strength is so great
To perform all his feats
Cause he eats all his carrots
And spinach and beets.





BILL
IN
SWITZERLAND
Jupo
Liesel, look, here comes Bill.
Franzl and Liesel, the Swiss twins, were high up in the mountains minding goats.
Bill's plane made a perfect landing right in the snow which covers the mountain peaks all year round.
They were so glad to see him because they had not met any one up there for days.

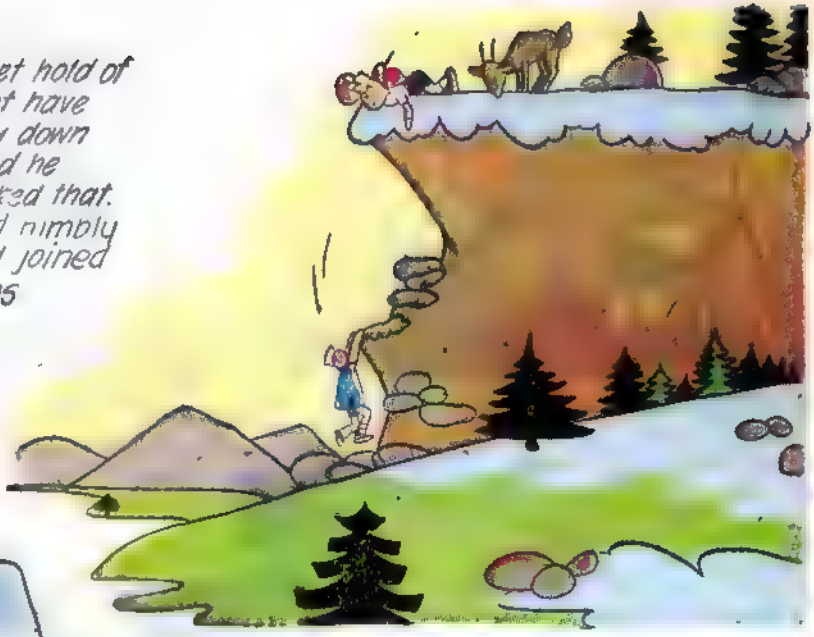
"Maybe he's brought us some frankfurters. I'm fed up with swiss cheese and goat's milk," said Franzl who was very fond of eating and liked a change. But Bill was more interested in goats.



"Hey, Butchie," said Bill, plucking the goat's long whiskers.

He wished he had not done so. Before he was able to make any further inquiries about Butchie's well-being, he was swept off his feet.

He was lucky to get hold of a cliff or he might have fallen all the way down into the valley and he would not have liked that. So he scrambled nimbly up the rocks and joined his companions



"Let's climb down and find out who is hiding in that hut which has not been used for years," suggested Franzl. And so they did.

They found the old watch-maker from the near-by village.

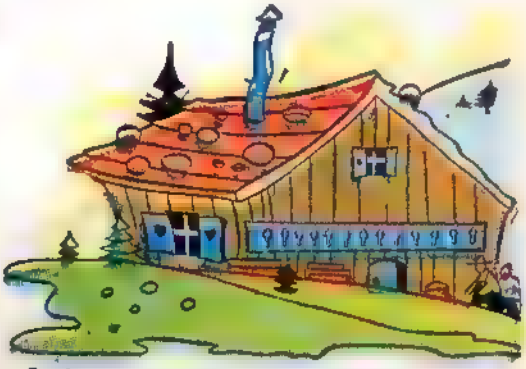
He had been looking for rare stones for his clocks But he had lost his way and was too old to climb down again.

He had found a very rare stone but it was much too heavy. So they made it into a giant snowball and let it roll down into the valley

Then Bill made a sledge from the runners of his plane.

Down they went in a flash and the old watchmaker did not have to walk at all.

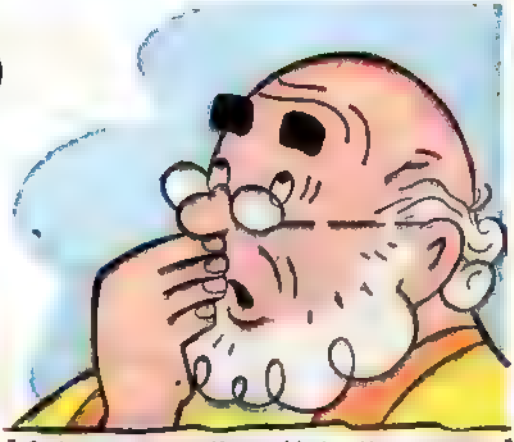
It was a beautiful ride down the mountain. Bill had never had such a wonderful time in all his life. Soon they reached the village.



"This is where I live," said the watchmaker, and they entered **one of the little houses.**

There were hundreds of clocks. Every now and then, one would strike the hour by playing a tune or making a soldier come out and beat his drum

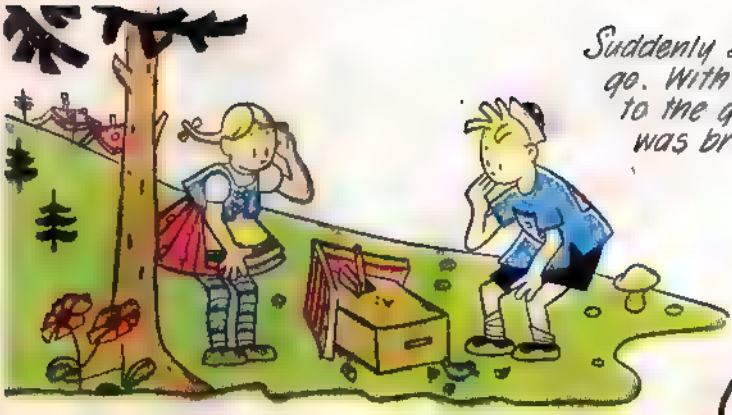
The watchmaker showed them a clock with a cuckoo popping out calling the time.



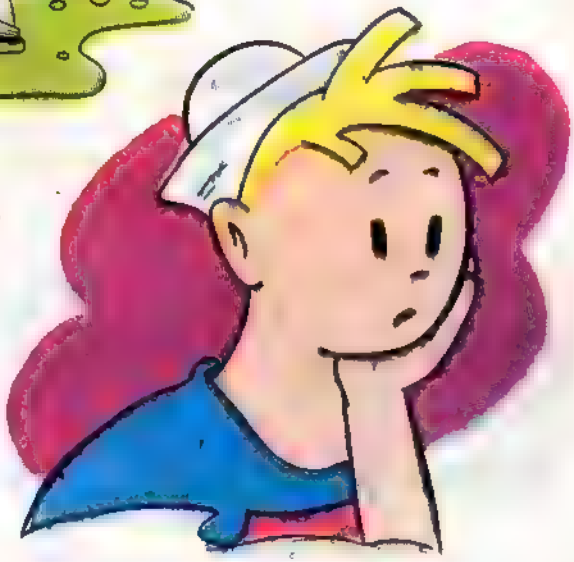
"I have to deliver it to the mayor," he said, "but I am so tired."

"Let us carry it," replied Bill, who was a strong boy

And soon he and Liesel were on their way to the town hall where the mayor lived



Suddenly Liesel stumbled and let go. With a crash, the clock fell to the ground and the cuckoo was broken into a hundred pieces.



"Why that's terrible," shouted Bill. "What shall we do?" Liesel started to cry.

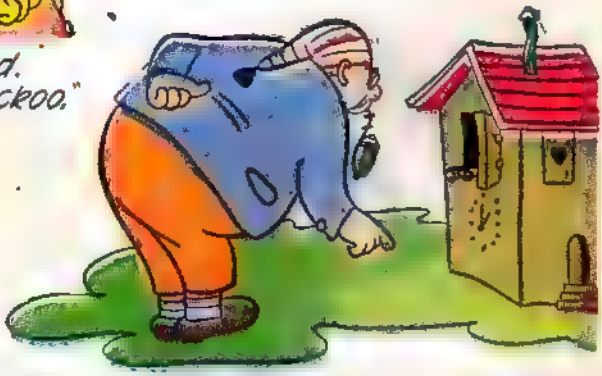
Even Bill might have started crying, but at that very moment there was a swish in the air and a real cuckoo sat there right in front of them on a twig.

"What's the trouble," he asked. They told him what had happened. The cuckoo smiled as far as his beak would allow him.

"Cuckoo," he called, "is that all? You just be on your way. Deliver the clock and see what happens."

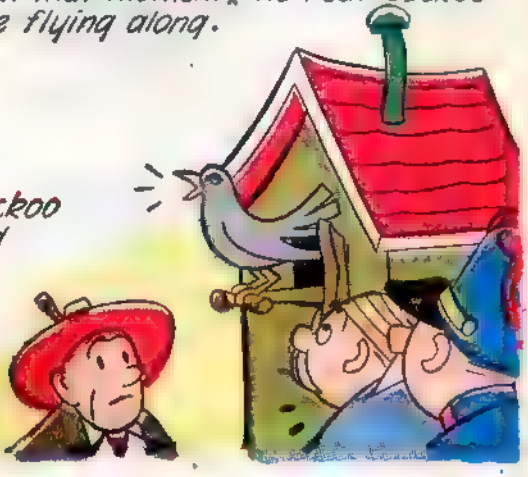
The mayor in the meantime was impatiently waiting for his clock.

At last Bill and Liesel arrived. "A cuckoo clock without a cuckoo," shouted the mayor.



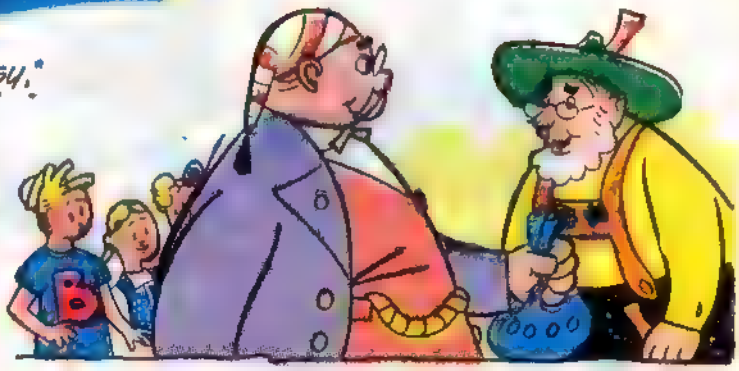
But at that moment, the real cuckoo came flying along.

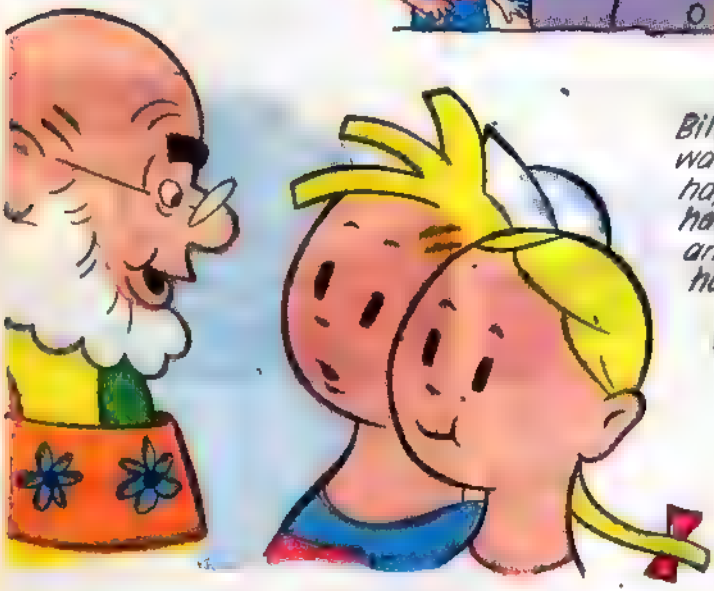
The clock began to strike. The cuckoo sat down on the perch and called "cuckoo, cuckoo," as loud as he could.



Soon the clock became so famous that people came from far and wide to see it and everybody wanted a clock like this.

"Oh dear, I'll be very busy," said the watchmaker. The mayor gave him a bag of gold pieces as a reward.





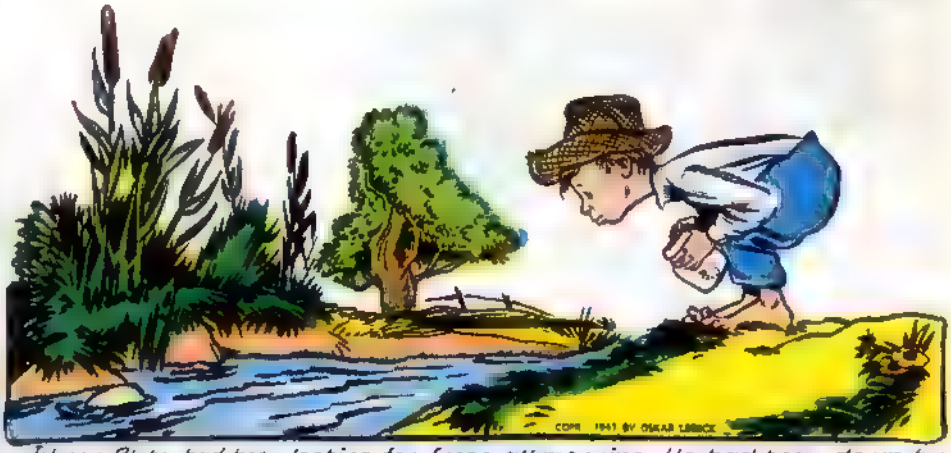
Bill and Liesel told the watchmaker what had happened, how they had broken the cuckoo and how the real bird had helped out.

The old watchmaker shared his reward with them and every other day Franzl, Liesel, and Bill go and buy breadcrumbs for their friend the real cuckoo.

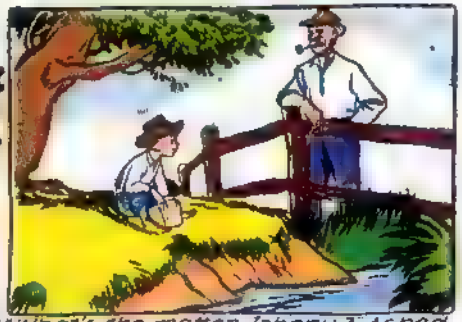
SIMPLE SCIENCE

One picture is worth a thousand words....

Confucius

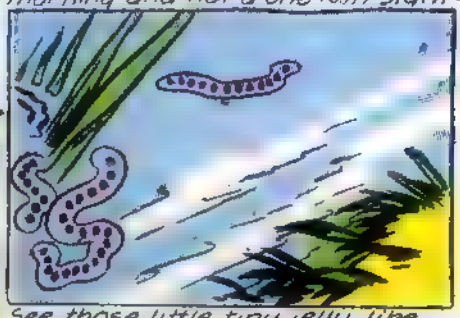


Johnny Blake had been looking for frogs all morning. He had been down by the creek for several hours now but not a frog was in sight. Even in among the cattails where he had heard one croaking just a minute ago, there wasn't any sign of one. "Gosh, I guess there just aren't any around," Johnny told himself.



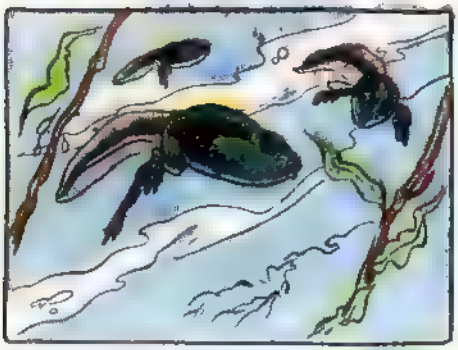
"What's the matter Johnny?" Asked Uncle Ben who had just come up to the pasture fence. "Shucks Uncle Ben I've been looking for frogs all morning and not a one is in sight."

"Why, Johnny," said Uncle Ben sitting down beside him, "there are pretty nearly a hundred frogs right under your eyes." "Really, Uncle Ben?" "Absolutely, Johnny!"

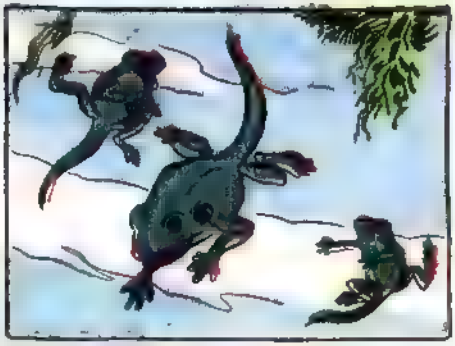


See those little tiny jelly-like balls with the black dots in the middle right by the grass there? That's right. Well, Johnny, those are frogs!

"By and by maybe in a week or so, they'll break loose from one another and be little tadpoles, sort of little fish with very fat bodies."

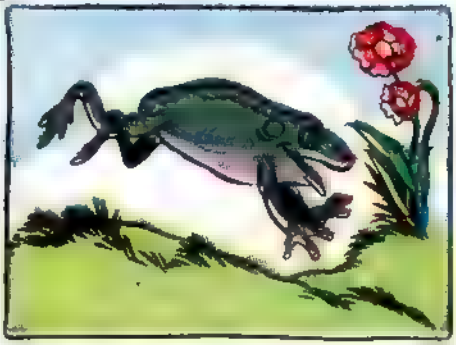


"But how do they get to be frogs?" Asked Johnny. "That's the interesting thing," said Uncle Ben, "after about three weeks they'll start to grow little hind legs.



"Then after another little while front legs will grow out. Their back feet are webbed for swimmin' and their little hands look almost like ours, only there are just four fingers.

"Along about then they'll start to show a fondness for living out of water instead of in it, for they are developing lungs and their tails start to be absorbed in their growth."



"Then suddenly one morning out of the water hops Mr Tadpole - only he isn't Mr. Tadpole any longer. He is grown up now and his name is Mr. Frog.

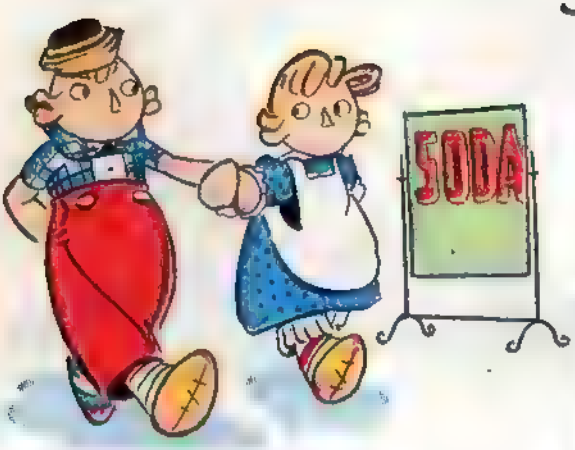
"And then of course sooner or later he'll up and marry a little lady frog and next spring there'll be eggs here in the puddle again, like as not.

"Here, give me your jar a minute," and Uncle Ben carefully scooped up a few of the eggs with some of the puddle water. "There," said Uncle Ben "you've got yourself plenty of frogs if you'll wait a little while and watch them grow."

The Raggedy Way

The subject is milk
And the Raggedys say,
There is nothing like milk
To keep the doctor away.

For good health, rosy cheeks.
And to feel you're on top,
Milk does much more
Than sweet soda pop.



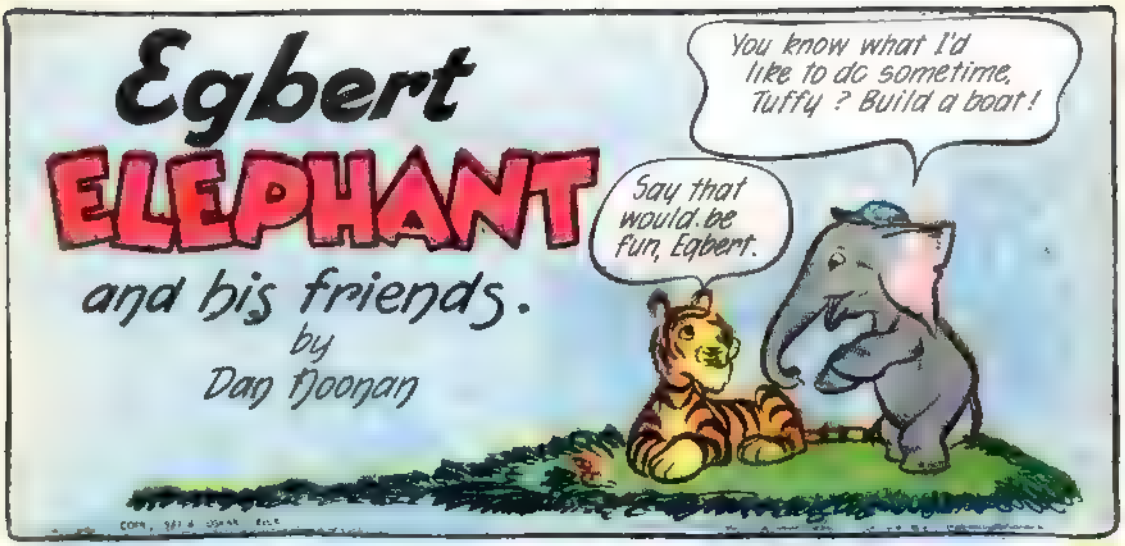
Soda's all right of course
Now and then
But definitely is not
The builder of men.

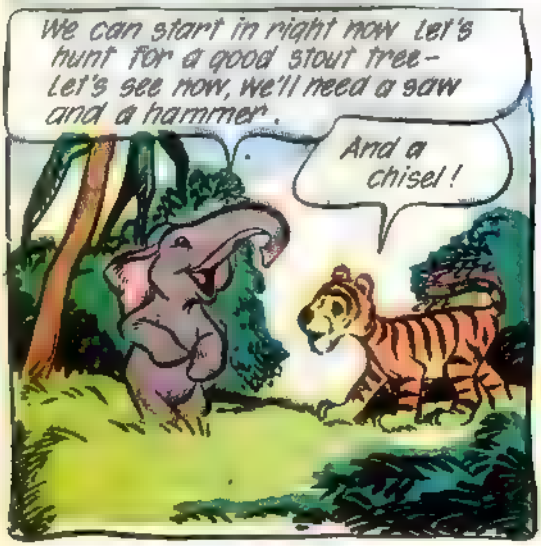
If strength is the thing
You really are for,
Then drink the white stuff
Which is left at your door.

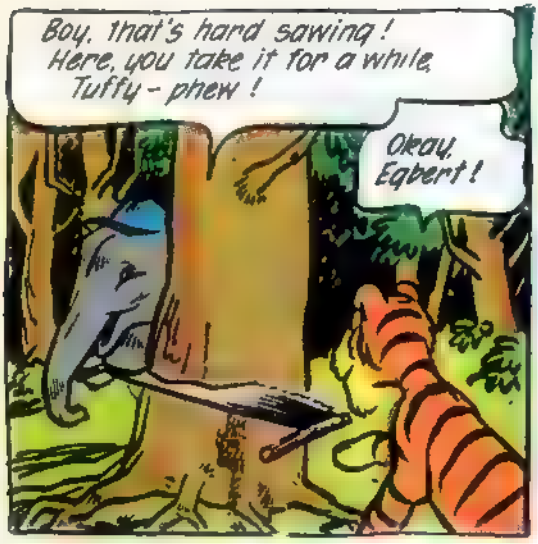
The white stuff tastes good
Pour a tall glass and say
For health I drink milk
The RAGGEDY WAY!

Egbert ELEPHANT and his friends.

by Dan Noonan






Boy, that's hard sawing! Here, you take it for a while, Tuffy - phew!
Okay, Egbert!

Hi, there! What're you chaps doin'?
We're sawin' down a tree, going to make a **boat!**

Well, well, let's have a look at this tree! Yes, hmm--
Anything wrong, Donot?

It's not too good a tree really--how big is the boat gonna be?
Oh, big enough for Tuffy and you and Scooter Bill and me!

Hm, yes, well it isn't too bad!
I knew we'd be getting some advice from him!

Now listen here, friend, you're talking to one of the greatest boatbuilders there is! That's all!
Oh, fiddlesticks, Donot! Come on, help us push it over!

There she is! Now to get to work on shaping her up.

There we are! Nearly finished shaping--now for hollowing out!

All right, I'll do that — YEAH HEY HURRAH YEAH!

Good heavens! What's wrong with you, Donot?

He's having a fit! Grab him!

Here, here! Leggo me! You wanted some one to holler out--that's all I was doing!

Donot! I said **hollow out**, not holler out!

Sometimes I wonder how penguins ever live long enough to grow up!

Now, now, fellows! Let's get to work here chopping this out!

Boy, now we're really making the chips fly!

I'll say! Why we'll be through here in no time!

There ! Now to figure out where to put the seats. Donot. maybe you an' Scooter Bill could do it while Tuffy and I hunt up some paint.

All right, Egbert, of course I will do the figuring.

Now then, let's see here — there's goin' to be four of us, so four times four is forty-four and we carry one that makes it ah — one forty-four.

One forty-four. Where did you go to school?

PENGUINS, my friend, Do not travel in schools. You're thinking of fish, as usual. -

Never mind that — four times four is sixteen — any one knows that!

Four times four is **SIXTEEN ?** Stuff and nonsense ! Here give me that ruler !

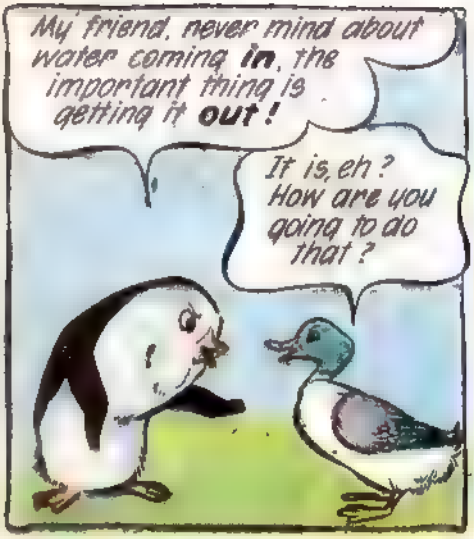
Now what are you gonna do, **genius ?**

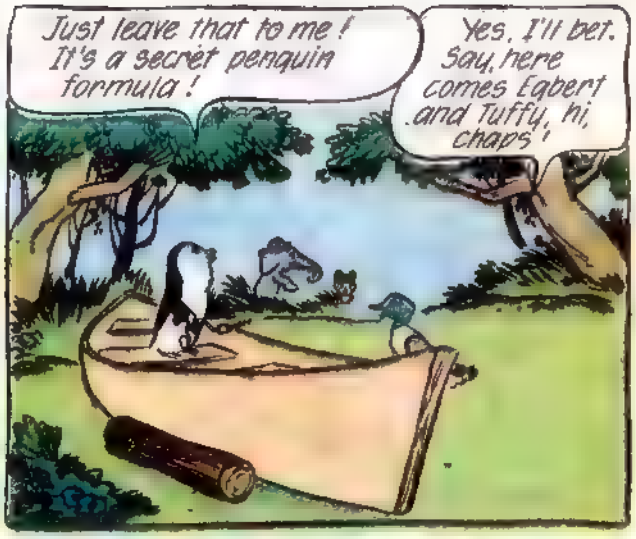
Measure off the seats, of course! Wonder if we should have them all in the middle?

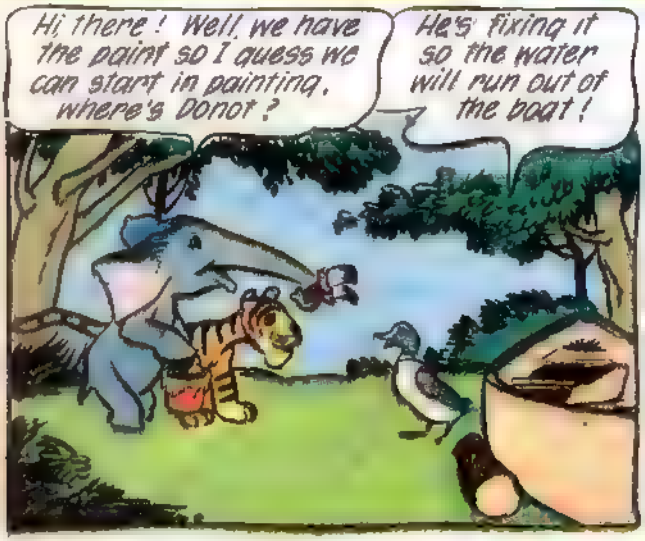
Now, look ! Here's where the seats in a boat go -- like this, see !

Oh, yes, of course ! Very good indeed, **for a duck !**

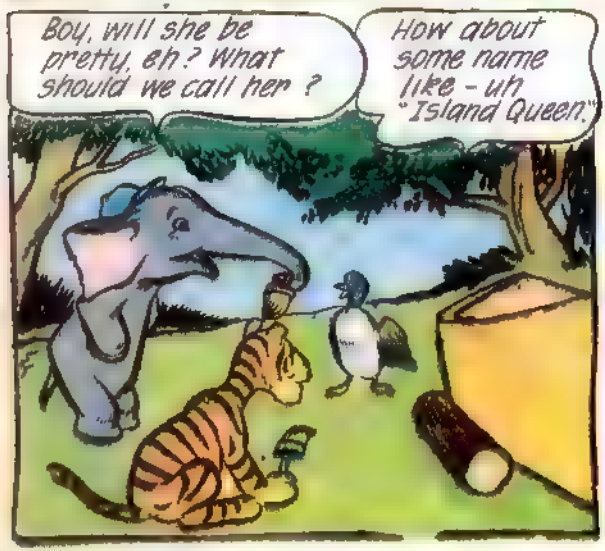
Now, we should fix this up so no water will come in.


My friend, never mind about water coming **in**, the important thing is getting it **out!**
It is, eh? How are you going to do that?

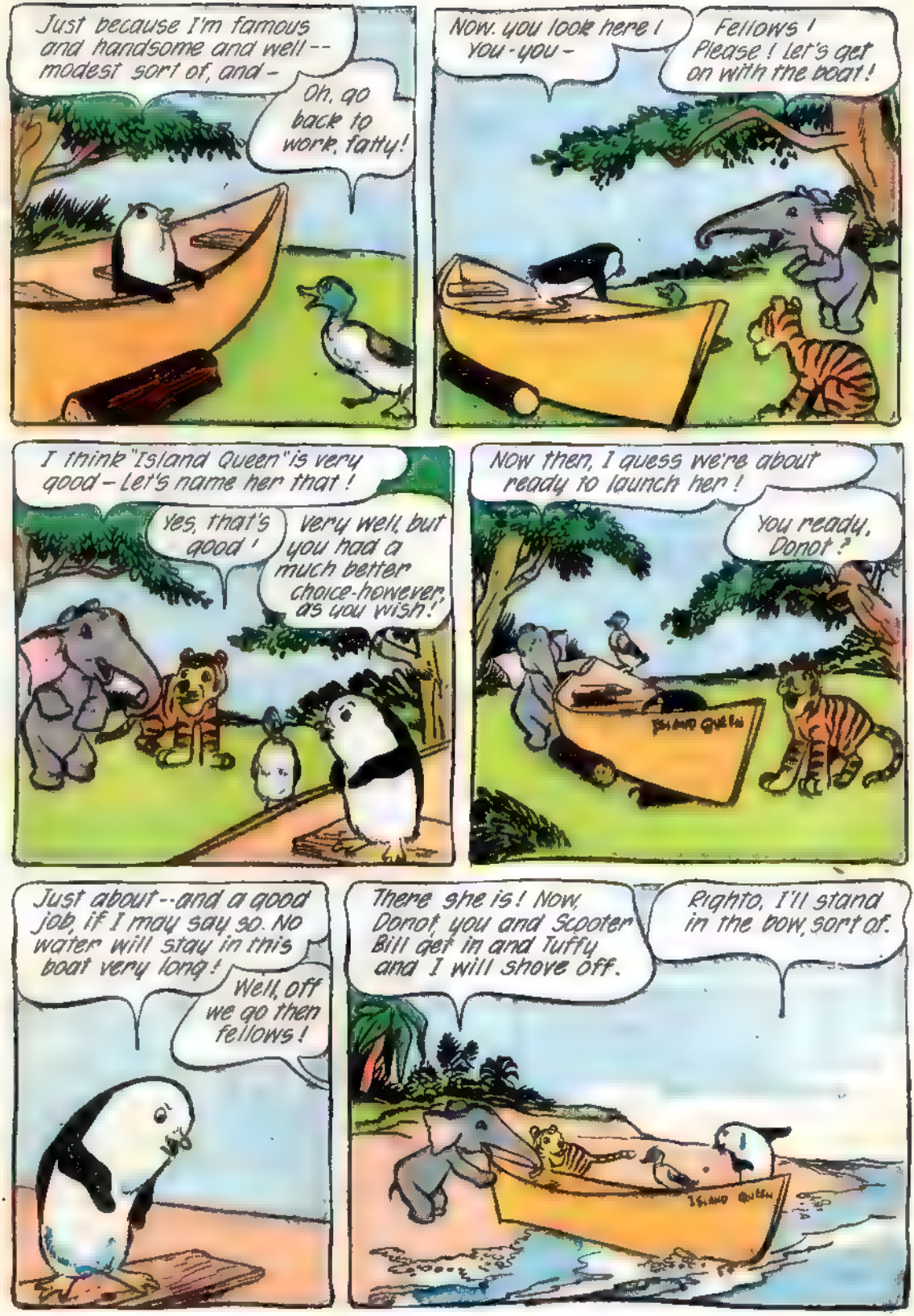

Just leave that to me! It's a secret penquin formula!
Yes, I'll bet. Say, here comes Egbert and Tuffy, hi, chaps!

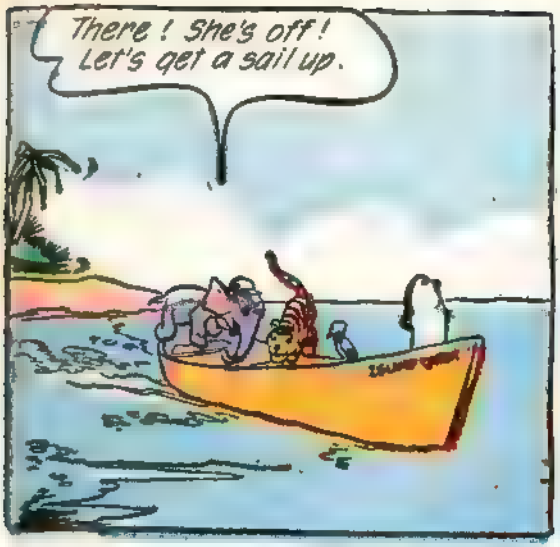

Hi there! Well, we have the paint so I guess we can start in painting. where's Donot?
He's fixing it so the water will run out of the boat!

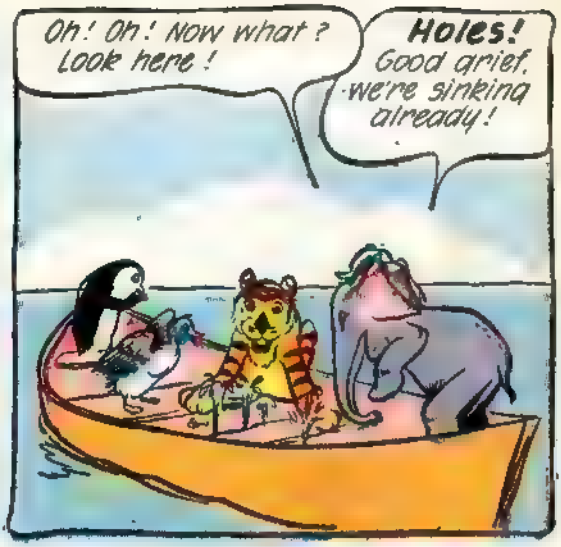
Oh, that's fine! Good idea! — Here's a brush, Scooter, I'll start on this side!


Boy, will she be pretty, eh? What should we call her?
How about some name like - uh "Island Queen."

Or just - uh - "Donot" in honor of me!
In honor of **YOU!** Why?


Just because I'm famous and handsome and well -- modest sort of, and -
Oh, go back to work, fatty!
Now. you look here! You - you -
Fellows! Please! Let's get on with the boat!
I think "Island Queen" is very good - Let's name her that!
Yes, that's good!
Very well, but you had a much better choice - however, as you wish!
Now then, I guess we're about ready to launch her!
You ready, Donot?
Just about -- and a good job, if I may say so. No water will stay in this boat very long!
Well, off we go then fellows!
There she is! Now, Donot, you and Scooter Bill get in and Tuffy and I will shove off.
Righto, I'll stand in the bow, sort of.

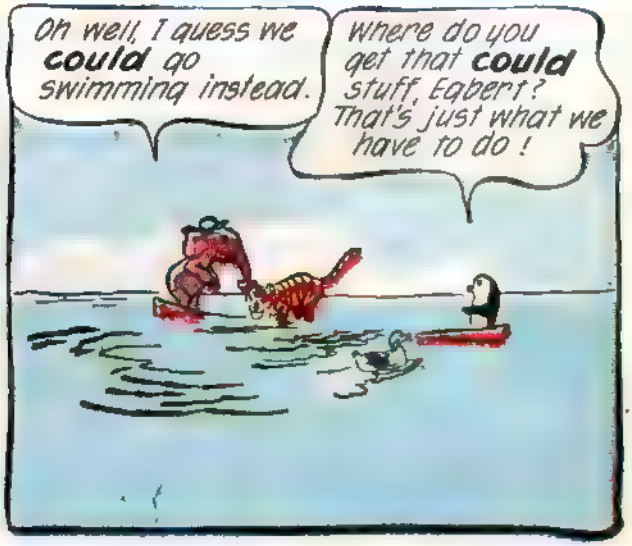

There ! She's off ! Let's get a sail up.


Oh ! Oh ! Now what ? Look here !
Holes! Good grief, we're sinking already !

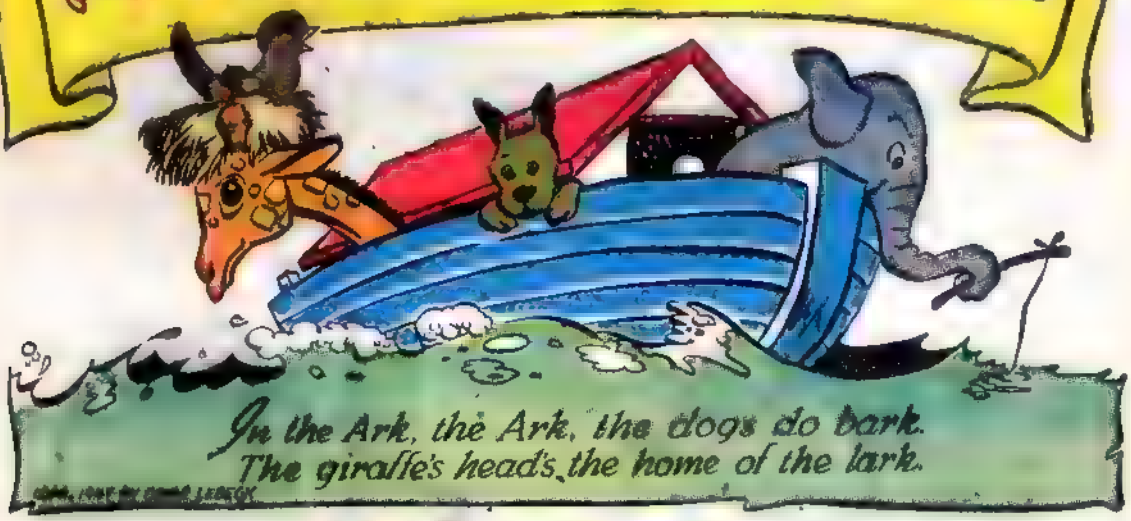
How do you like that ? I wonder how they could have got there ?
I think I know pretty well, fellows ! Donot !
ISLAND QUEEN

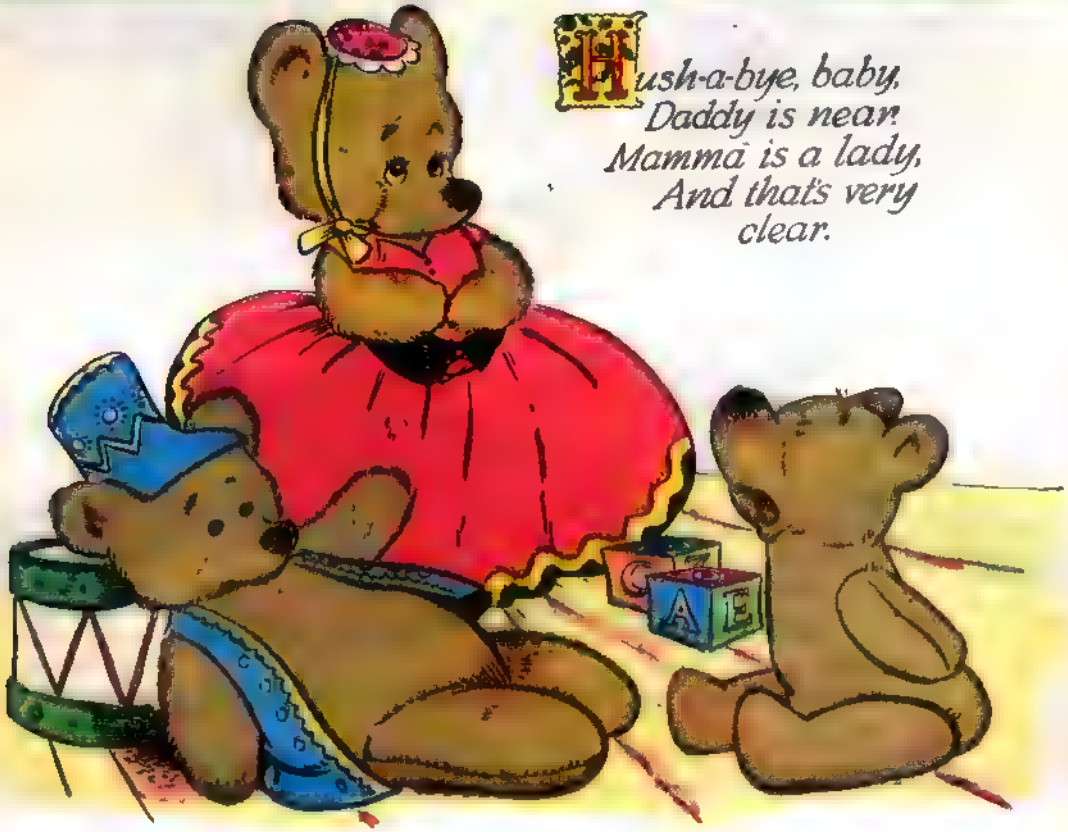
Now, now, let's not be hasty –
Donot – why did you do it ?

Well-uh-you see-I figured if I bored some holes in the bottom, why any water that came in would surely run out !

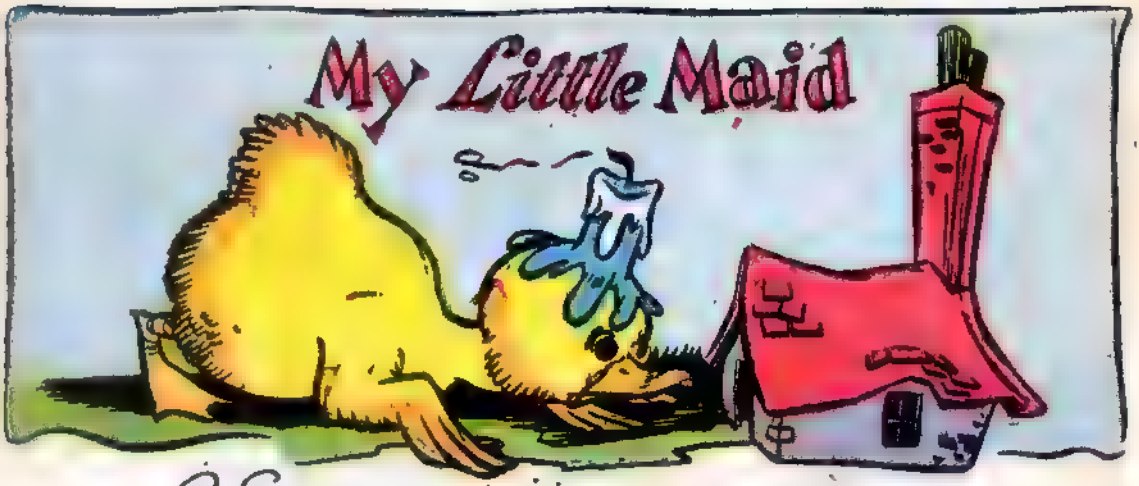

Oh well, I guess we could go swimming instead.
Where do you get that could stuff, Egbert ? That's just what we have to do !

Walt Kelly's ANIMAL MOTHER GOOSE

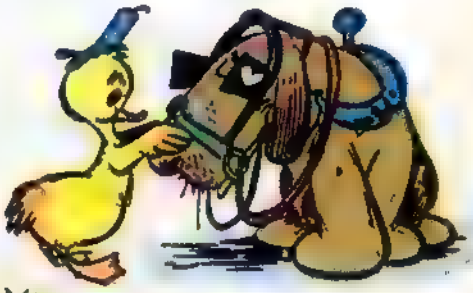




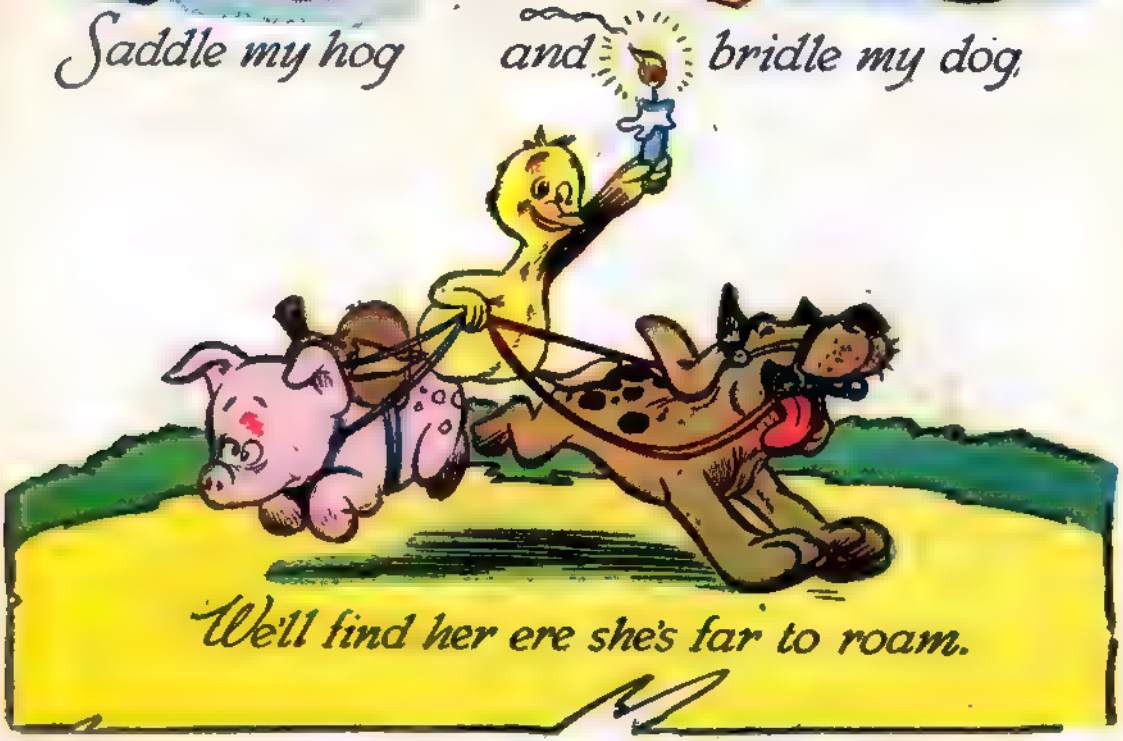
My Little Maid



Hey diddle doubt, my candle's out,
My little maid is not at home.



Saddle my hog and bridle my dog,

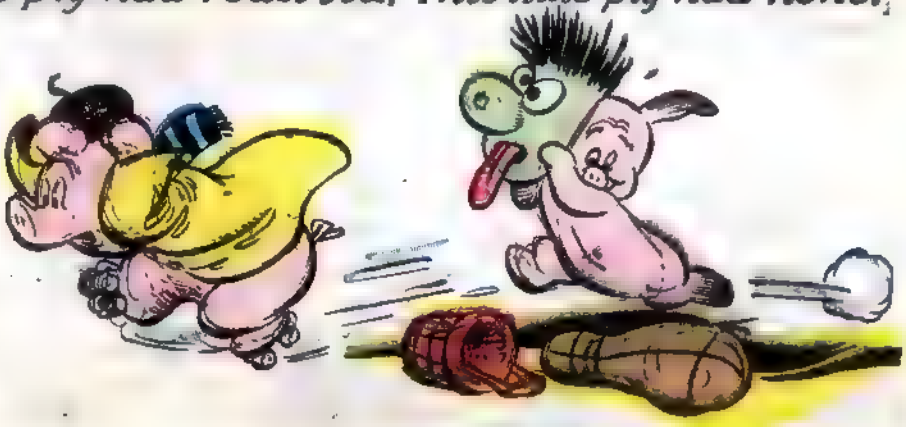


We'll find her ere she's far to roam.

Five Toes

This little pig went to market, This little pig stayed home.

This little pig had roast beef, This little pig had none.



And

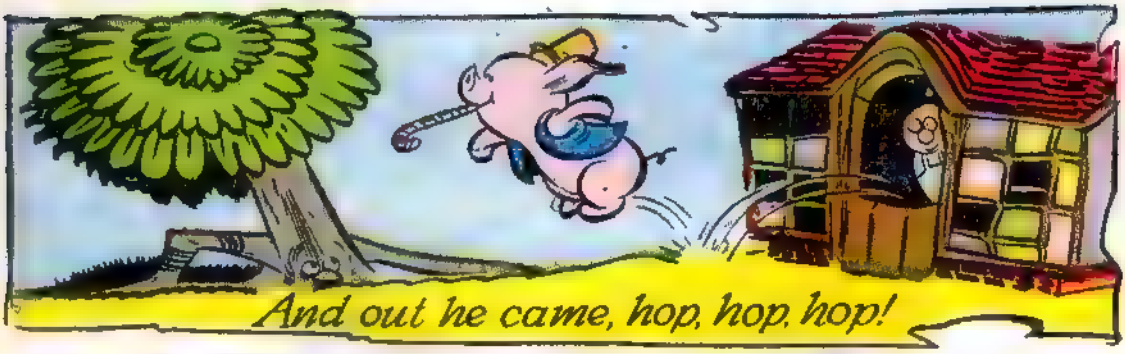
this little pig cried

"Wee Wee Wee Wee"

all the way home.

Handy PANDY

Handy Pandy,
Jack-a-dandy
Loves plum cake
and sugar candy.
He bought some at
a grocer's shop,



Needles and Pins

Needles and pins;
Needles and pins.
When a man marries
His trouble begins.

Good Dobbin

Oh, thank you, good Dobbin, you've been a long track
And have carried dear Father all the way back;
You shall have nice oats, old Dobbin, indeed,
And Father will stand while he swallows his feed.

Joe's Place

Sweet, gentle Joe,
of kindly face,
Sweetly sits in
quiet grace,
Taking up but
little space.
Aye, he'll always
have a place.

Hans In Luck

By W. J. ENRIGHT

Hans had worked seven long years for his master, so he went to him and said, "Master, my time is up and I wish to return to my mother, so give me, if you please, my wages."

The master answered, "You have served me very faithfully, and as was your service so shall the reward be." And he gave Hans a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans pulled out his handkerchief, wrapped up the lump of gold and throwing it over his shoulder started for home. As he went on his way, always putting one foot before the other, he met a man galloping briskly along on a fine horse.

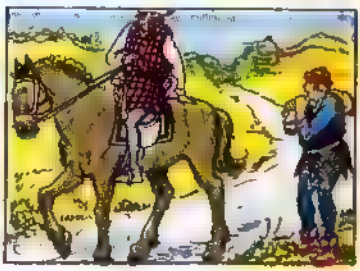
"Ah!" said Hans, "what a fine thing it is to ride. You sit as comfortably as in a rocking-chair and reach your journey's end almost without knowing it." The horseman pulled up and cried, "Hello, Hans, why are you going along on foot?"

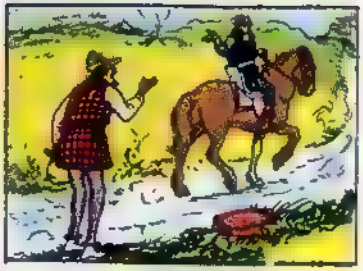
Answering the horseman, Hans said, "I must walk because I have this big lump of gold to carry home and it is so heavy I can scarcely hold up my head."

"I'll tell you what," said the horseman, "we'll just exchange. I'll give you my horse and you give me the lump of gold." "With all my heart," replied Hans; "but I warn you—it's a hard job carrying it."

The horseman dismounted, took the gold and helped Hans into the saddle. Hans was delighted as he sat on his horse and rode gaily along.

After a while he fancied he would like to go faster, so he began to cluck with his tongue and say "c'ck! c'ck!" The





horse broke into a trot and before Hans was aware he was thrown off—splash—into a ditch by the roadside.

The runaway horse was stopped by a peasant who was coming along the road driving his cow before him.

Hans, very much downcast, got upon his legs again and said to the peasant, "There's much more sense in having a cow like yours. With a cow you can walk in peace and quietness and have your butter, milk and cheese for certain."

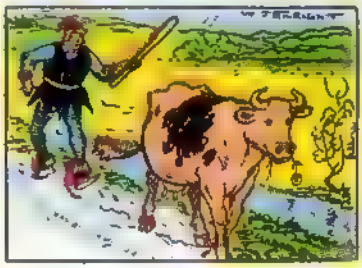
"Well," said the peasant, "if you prefer a cow so much I might be persuaded to exchange this one for that horse of yours."

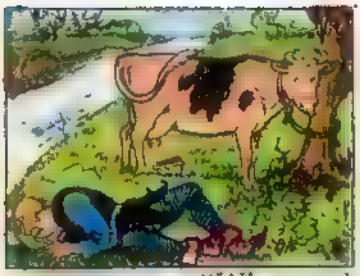
Hans gladly consented and the peasant jumped into the saddle and rode quickly off. Hans drove the cow peacefully along, thinking, "What a lucky fellow I am."

The heat and the dusty road soon made Hans very thirsty. "This is easily cured," thought he. "I have only to milk my cow, drink and refresh myself."

He tied the cow to a withered tree and as he had no pail he placed his leather cap beneath her. But he went to work so clumsily that the impatient brute gave him such a kick with her hind leg that he was knocked over and quite dazed.

Luckily a butcher came along just then, wheeling a young pig in a barrow. "What kind of joke is this?" cried he, helping Hans to rise. Hans told him what had happened. "That cow is too old to give any milk," said the butcher. "She couldn't be of any use to anyone but a butcher like myself."





"Who would have thought that?" said Hans. "But I don't think much of cow's flesh. It's not tender enough. Now, if I only had a young pig! That would taste different!" "Listen, Hans," said the butcher, "for your sake I might let you have my pig for that old cow."

"May you be rewarded for your friendship," said Hans to the butcher, and at once gave him the cow.

The man untied the pig from the wheelbarrow and gave the rope into Hans' hands Hans marched on thinking, "What a lucky fellow I am As soon as anything goes wrong, something fine turns up and all's right again "

Just then along came a youth carrying a fine white goose under his arm They were friends and Hans began to boast about his luck "That's wonderful," said the other lad, "but just hold this goose and see how heavy it is "

"Yes," said Hans, "it is certainly heavy, but so is my pig." Meanwhile the lad was looking thoughtfully around, shaking his head Listen," he said, "in the village I just came through a pig like that was just stolen It would be bad business if that was the one and they found you with it "

Hans was very much frightened at what the lad said and begged him to take the pig in exchange for the goose

"I shall be running great risks," said the youth, "but at least I will prevent your getting into trouble " He took the rope in his hand and drove the pig quickly away down a by-path and Hans greatly relieved, went on with the goose

When he came to the village there stood a scissors grinder and, as his wheel hummed, he sang: "My wheel I turn, and the scissors I grind, and my cloak hangs flowing free in the wind." "You must be doing well," said Hans, "you are so merry over your grinding."

"Yes," said the man, "for a good scissors grinder is the sort who, whenever he puts his hand in his pocket, finds money there but where did you get that fine goose?" Hans told him about his many exchanges.

"You've done very well by yourself," said the man. "Now, if you were a scissors grinder like me, your fortune would certainly be made."

"How can I set about it?" asked Hans. "All you want is a grindstone," said the man. "I have one a little damaged for which I would ask nothing more than the goose." "That will make me the luckiest fellow in the world," said Hans, and he handed over the goose in exchange for the grindstone.

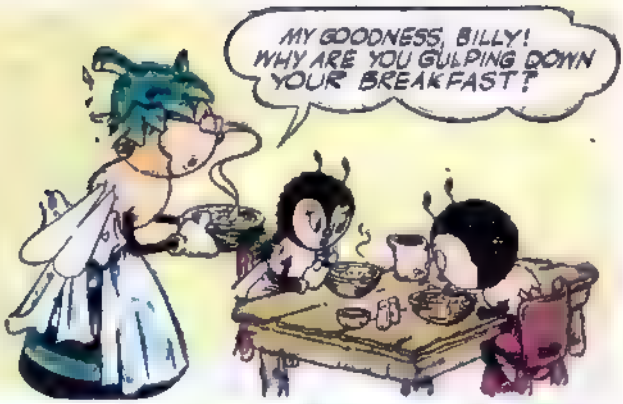
But he had been on his legs since daybreak and the stone seemed to grow heavier with each step. At length he could only proceed with great difficulty and began thinking, "How nice it would be if I had nothing at all to carry."

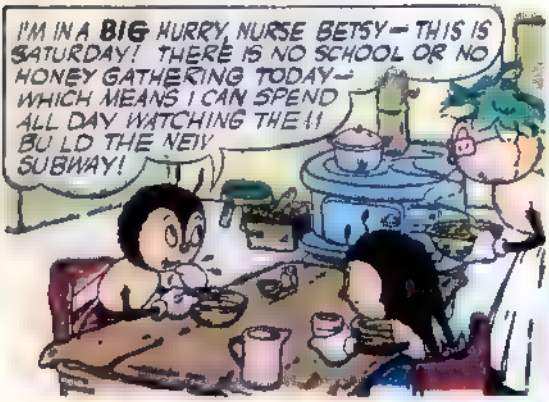
He came to the river and wishing to drink and rest he set the heavy stone down on the bank. But no sooner did he take his hand off it than it rolled down into the water and disappeared. "That makes me the happiest man under the sun," cried Hans. And, with a gay heart he was soon home.

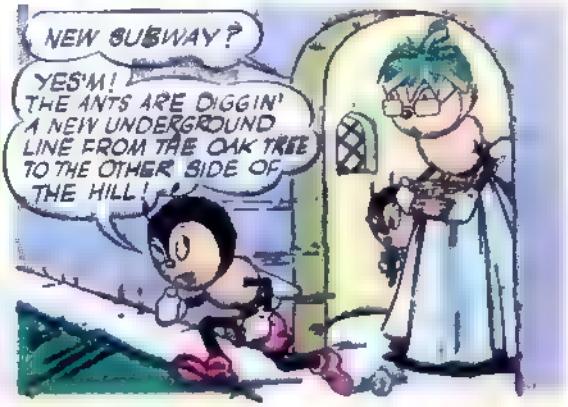
COLOR UP PICTURE

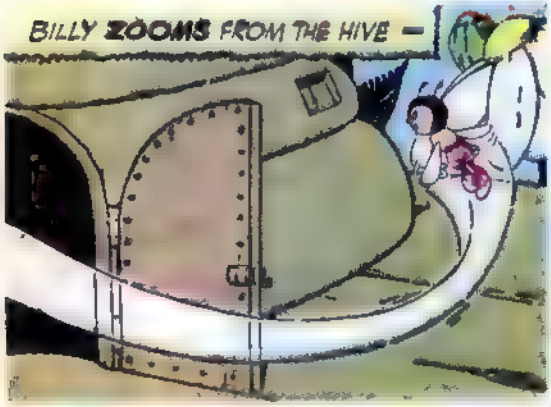
A monkey's tail makes a marvelous brush
But not everyone has one handy.
So if you have not, please do not fail
You don't have to do as Andy.
Take any old thing, a real brush'll do,
And color this picture of the monk from the zoo

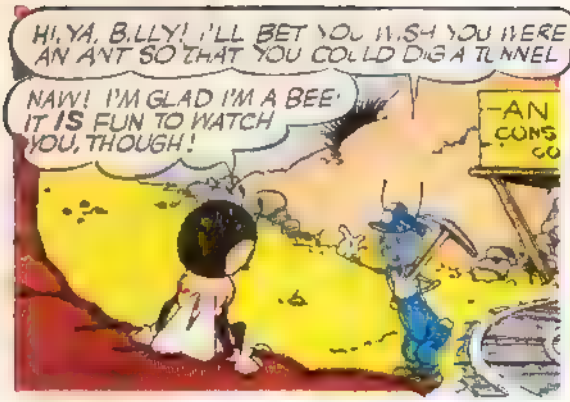
BILLY & BONNY BEE

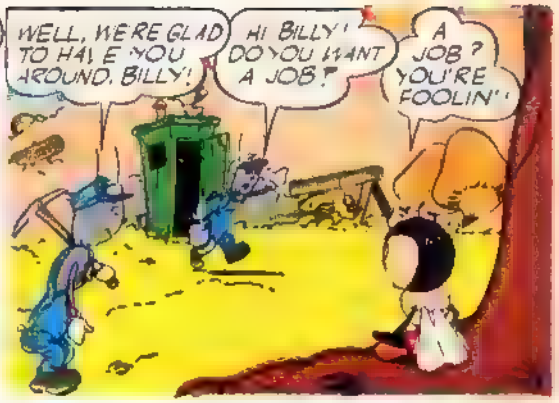


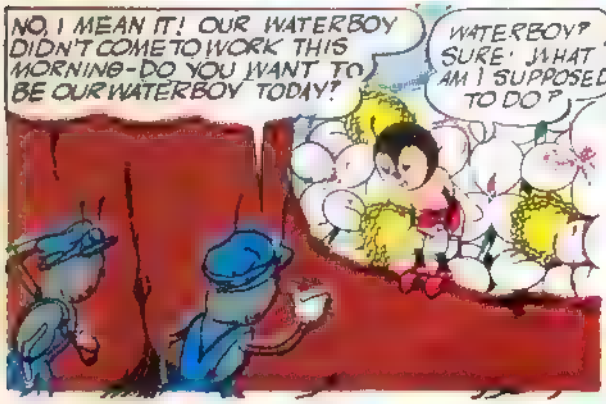


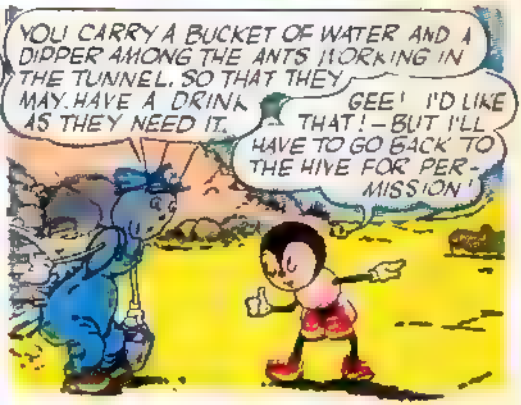




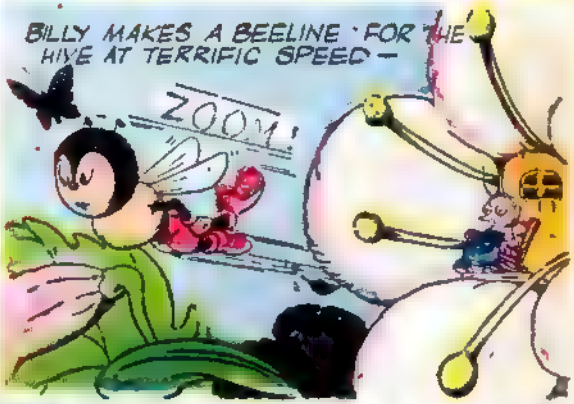

HI, YA, BILLY! I'LL BET YOU WISH YOU WERE AN ANT SO THAT YOU COULD DIG A TUNNEL
NAW! I'M GLAD I'M A BEE· IT IS FUN TO WATCH YOU, THOUGH!
-AN CONS CO


WELL, WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOU AROUND, BILLY!
HI BILLY! DO YOU WANT A JOB?
A JOB? YOU'RE FOOLIN'!

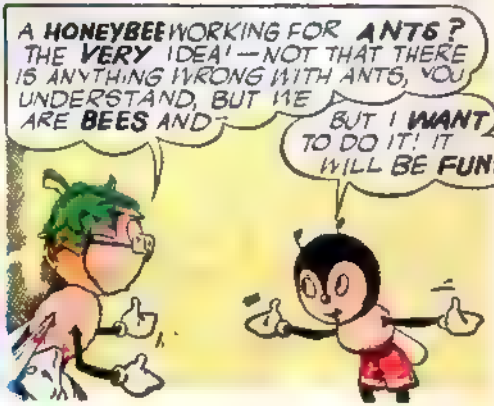

NO, I MEAN IT! OUR WATERBOY DIDN'T COME TO WORK THIS MORNING-DO YOU WANT TO BE OUR WATERBOY TODAY?
WATERBOY? SURE· WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

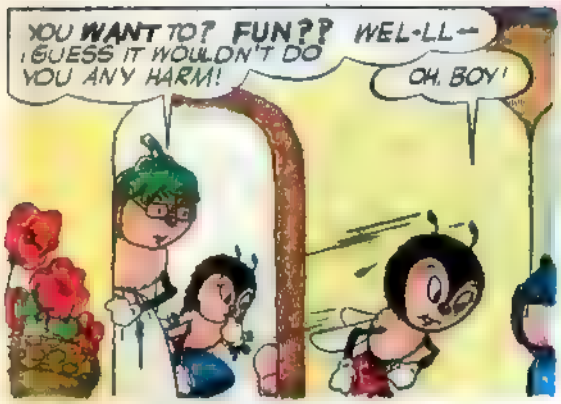

YOU CARRY A BUCKET OF WATER AND A DIPPER AMONG THE ANTS WORKING IN THE TUNNEL, SO THAT THEY MAY HAVE A DRINK AS THEY NEED IT.
GEE! I'D LIKE THAT! – BUT I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE HIVE FOR PERMISSION!

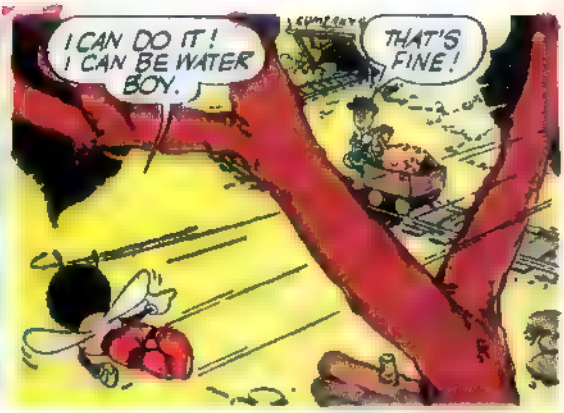
HURRY BACK AND LET US KNOW IF IT'S OKAY
I WILL!

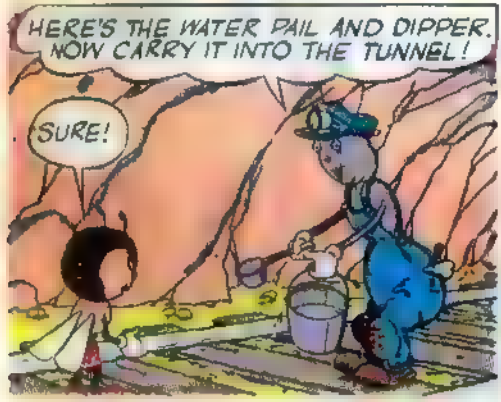

BILLY MAKES A BEELINE FOR THE HIVE AT TERRIFIC SPEED –
ZOOM!

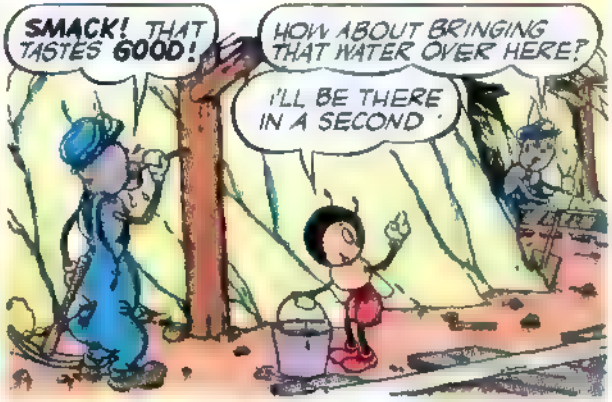
–AND BURSTS INTO HIS HIVE COMPARTMENT.
NURSE BETSY! THE ANTS WANT ME TO WORK FOR THEM – THEY WANT ME TO BE WATERBOY!
WHAT!


A HONEYBEE WORKING FOR ANTS? THE VERY IDEA! – NOT THAT THERE IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH ANTS, YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT WE ARE BEES AND
BUT I WANT TO DO IT! IT WILL BE FUN!

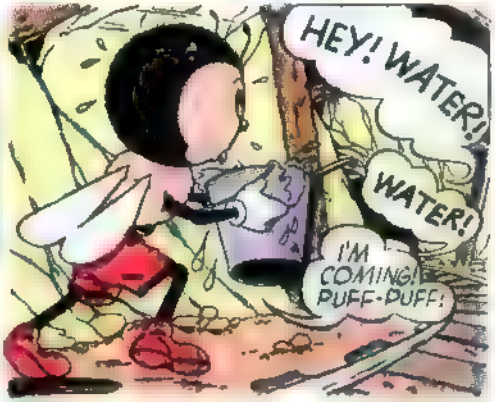

YOU WANT TO? FUN?? WEL-LL-- I GUESS IT WOULDN'T DO YOU ANY HARM!
OH, BOY!

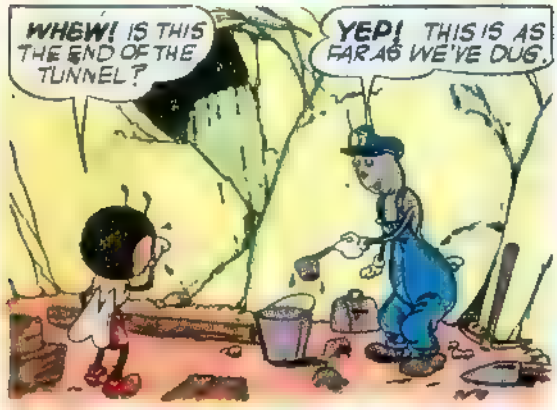

I CAN DO IT! I CAN BE WATER BOY.
THAT'S FINE!

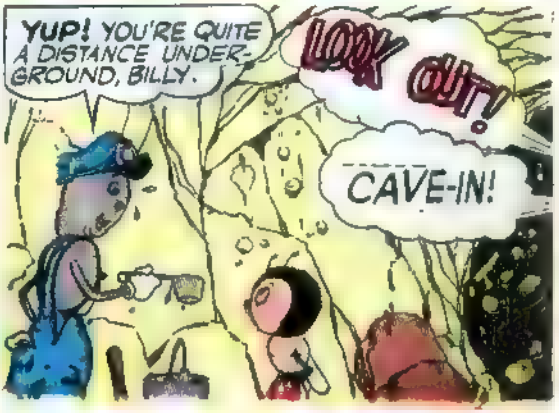

HERE'S THE WATER PAIL AND DIPPER. NOW CARRY IT INTO THE TUNNEL!
SURE!


SMACK! THAT TASTES GOOD!
HOW ABOUT BRINGING THAT WATER OVER HERE?
I'LL BE THERE IN A SECOND.

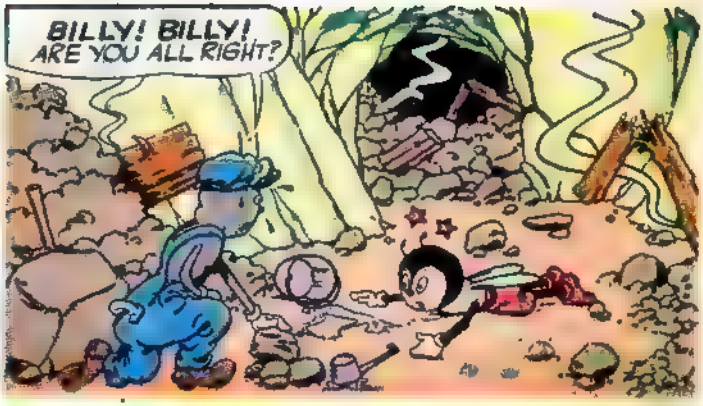
AAAH-H-H! FIRST DRINK WE'VE HAD THIS MORNING!
I'M NEXT!

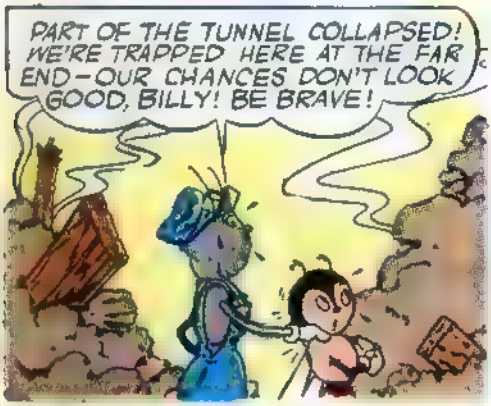

HEY! WATER!
WATER!
I'M COMING! PUFF-PUFF!

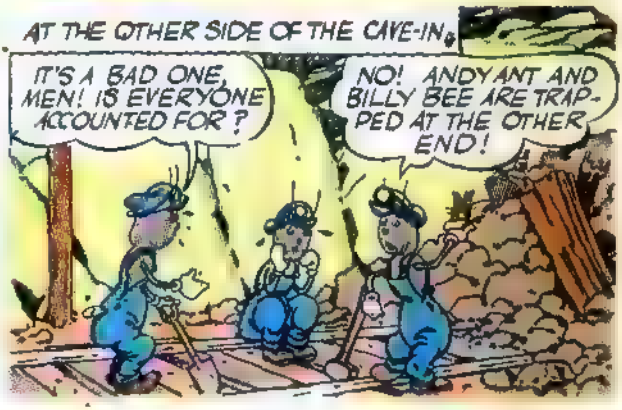

WHEW! IS THIS THE END OF THE TUNNEL?
YEP! THIS IS AS FAR AS WE'VE DUG.

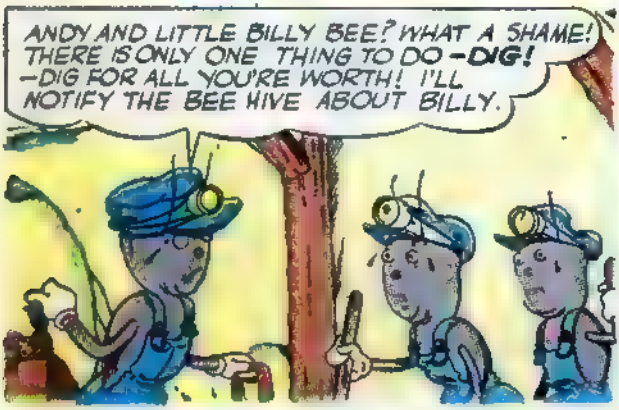

YUP! YOU'RE QUITE A DISTANCE UNDER-GROUND, BILLY.
LOOK OUT!
CAVE-IN!

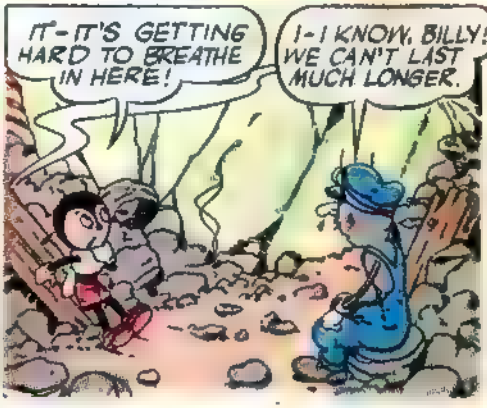
CRASH!

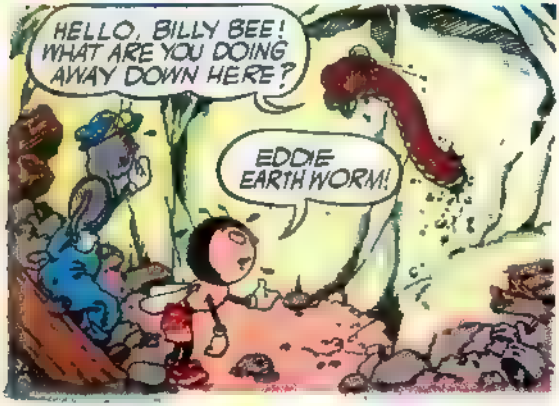

BILLY! BILLY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

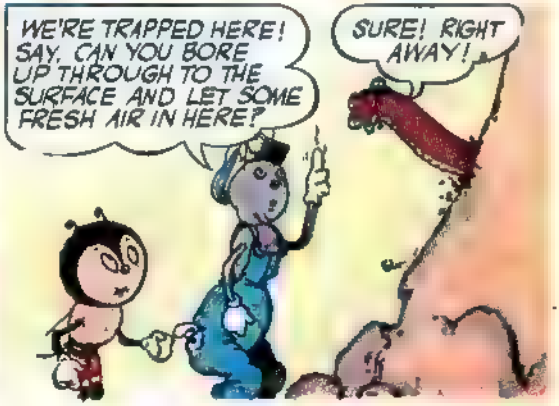

PART OF THE TUNNEL COLLAPSED! WE'RE TRAPPED HERE AT THE FAR END—OUR CHANCES DON'T LOOK GOOD, BILLY! BE BRAVE!


AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAVE-IN.
IT'S A BAD ONE, MEN! IS EVERYONE ACCOUNTED FOR?
NO! ANDY ANT AND BILLY BEE ARE TRAPPED AT THE OTHER END!

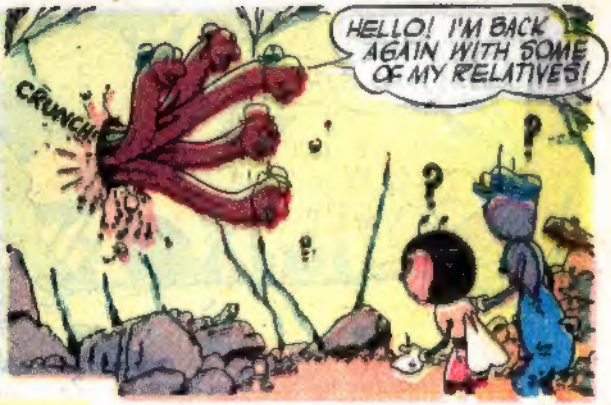

ANDY AND LITTLE BILLY BEE? WHAT A SHAME! THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO—DIG! —DIG FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH! I'LL NOTIFY THE BEE HIVE ABOUT BILLY.


IT'—IT'S GETTING HARD TO BREATHE IN HERE!
I-I KNOW, BILLY! WE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER.


HELLO, BILLY BEE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING AWAY DOWN HERE?
EDDIE EARTH WORM!


WE'RE TRAPPED HERE! SAY, CAN YOU BORE UP THROUGH TO THE SURFACE AND LET SOME FRESH AIR IN HERE?
SURE! RIGHT AWAY!

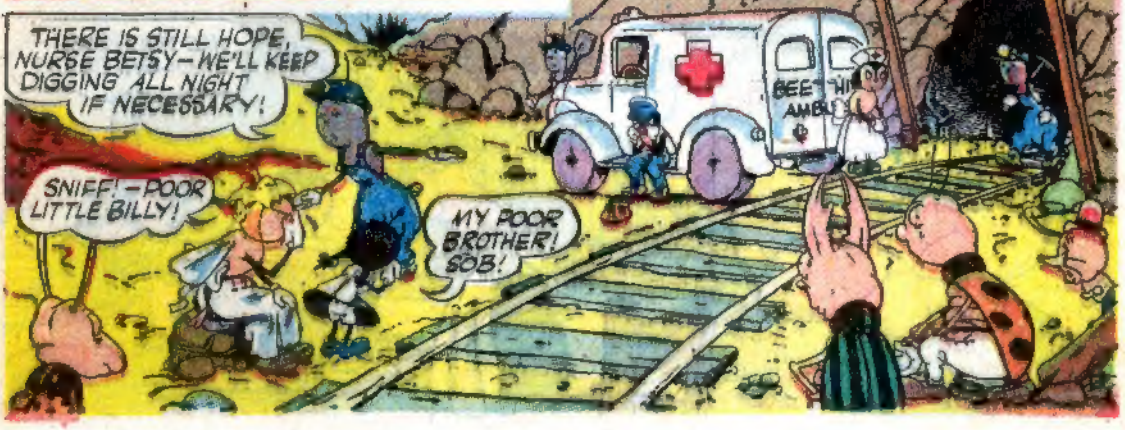
EDDIE MADE IT! SMELL THAT FRESH AIR COMING IN? MM-M-M!

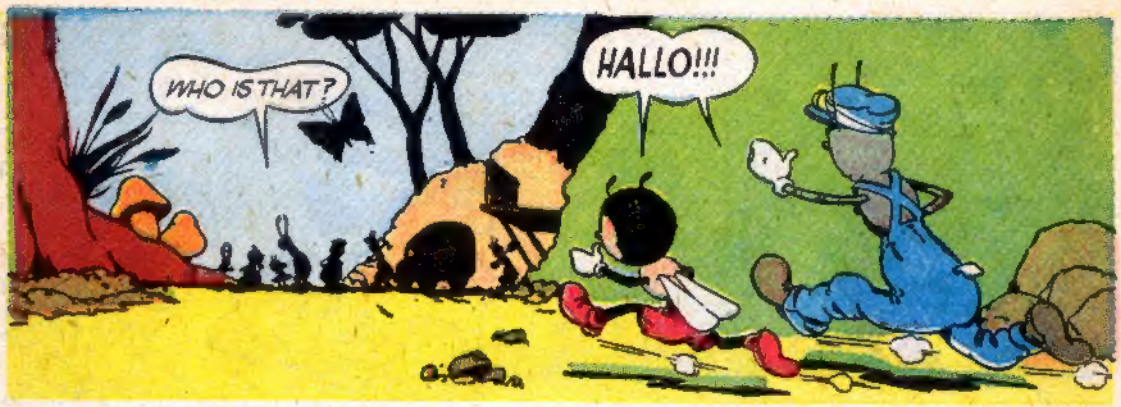

CRUNCH!
HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN WITH SOME OF MY RELATIVES!

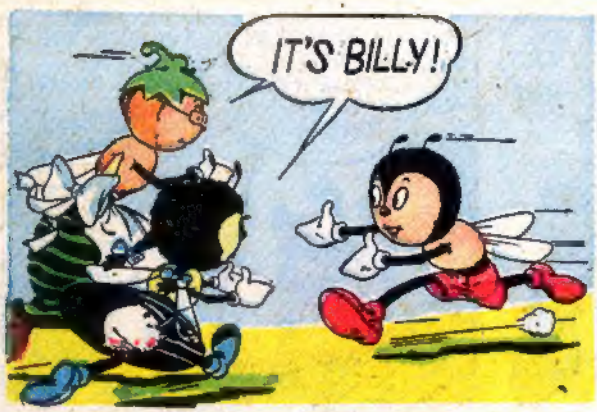
THESE ARE MY COUSINS ED, NED, CED AND JED!
HOW'DO!
HOW'DO!
HOWDY!
HI!
HI, YA?
GLAD TO KNOW YOU!

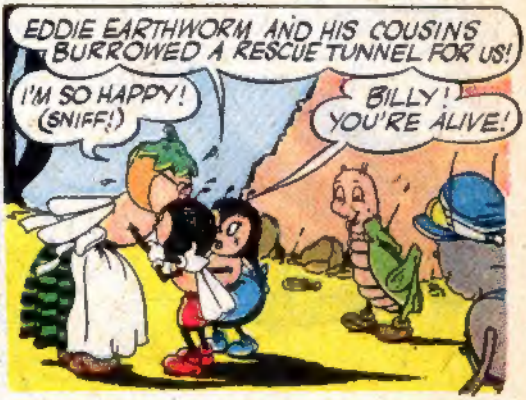
WE ALL WRIGGLED DOWN FROM THE SURFACE TOGETHER SO THAT WE WOULD MAKE A PASSAGE LARGE ENOUGH FOR YOU TO CRAWL THROUGH!
WONDERFUL!
WE'RE SAVED!

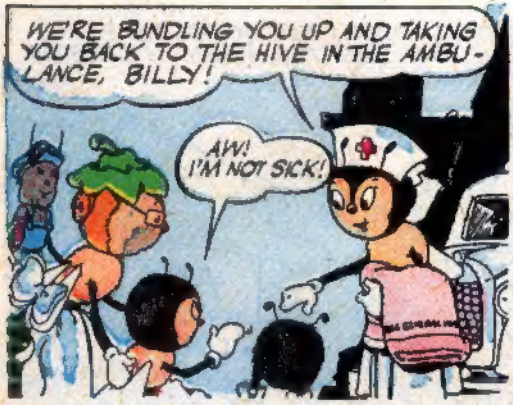
JUST FOLLOW US!
HOP TO IT, BILLY— YOU FIRST!

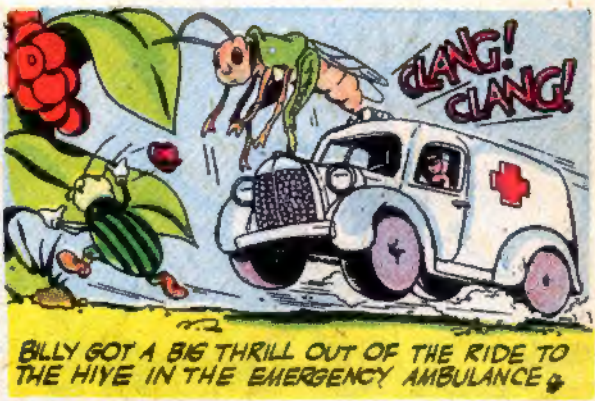

AT THAT MOMENT, THE WOODLAND INSECT FOLK WAIT SILENTLY AND SADLY OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE—
ANT CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
THERE IS STILL HOPE, NURSE BETSY—WE'LL KEEP DIGGING ALL NIGHT IF NECESSARY!
SNIFF!—POOR LITTLE BILLY!
MY POOR BROTHER! SOB!

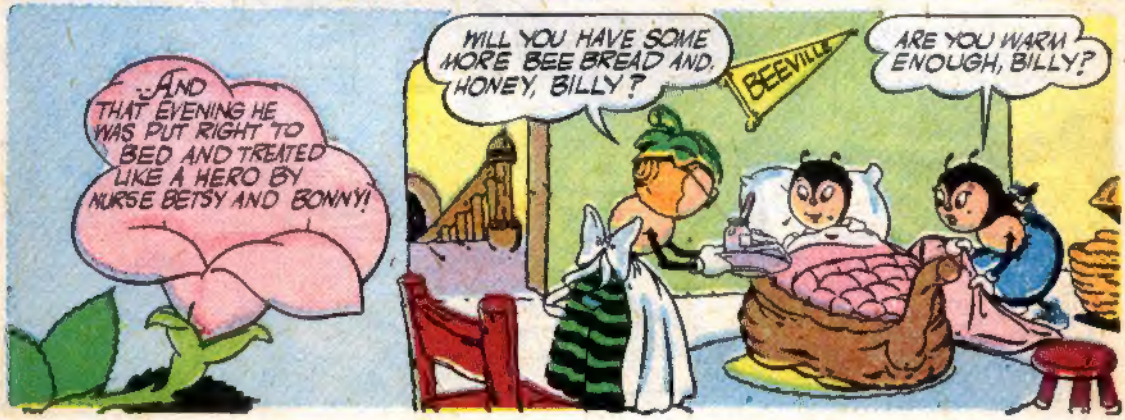

WHO IS THAT?
HALLO!!!

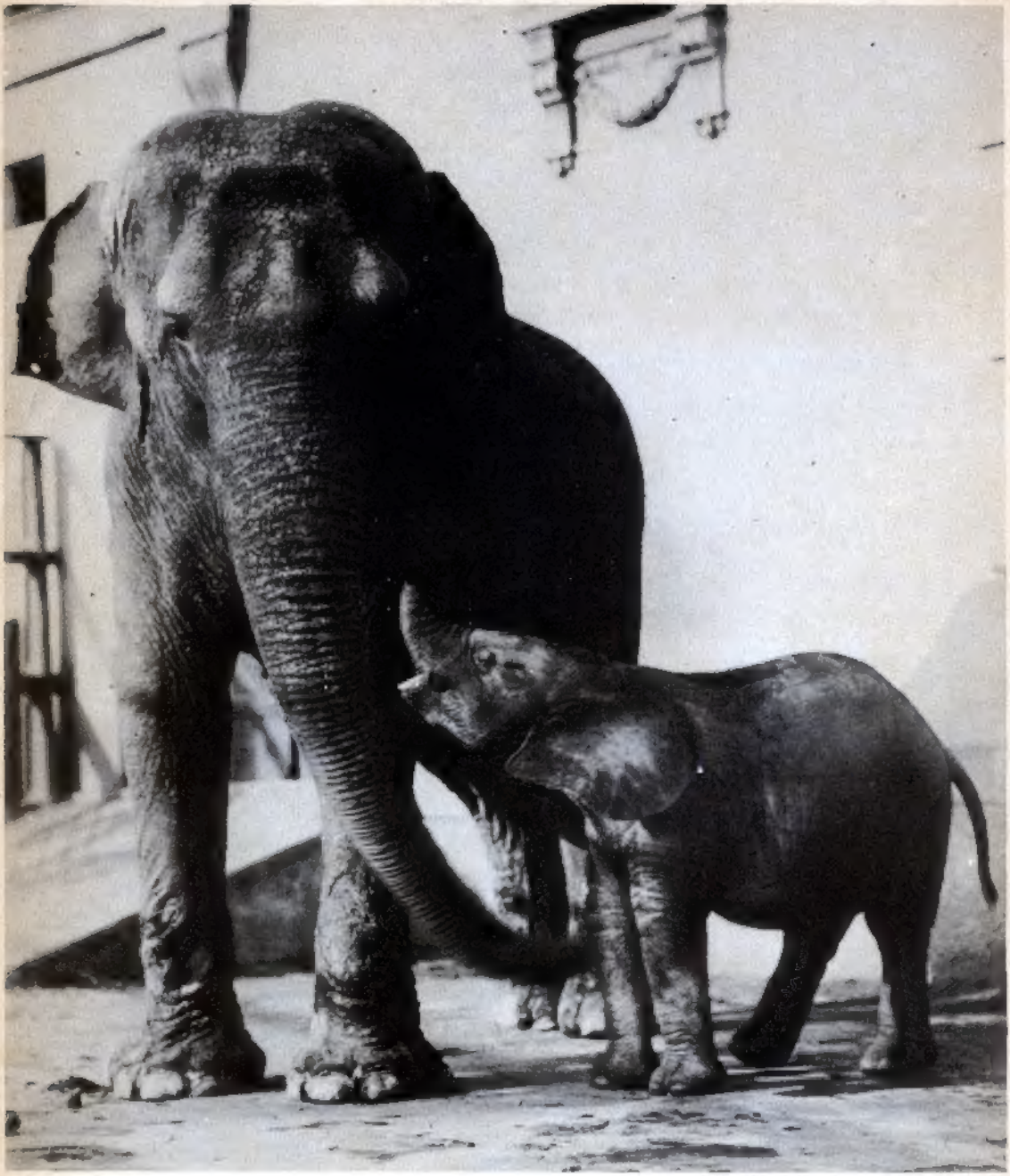

IT'S BILLY!


EDDIE EARTHWORM AND HIS COUSINS BURROWED A RESCUE TUNNEL FOR US!
I'M SO HAPPY! (SNIFF!)
BILLY! YOU'RE ALIVE!


WE'RE BUNDLING YOU UP AND TAKING YOU BACK TO THE HIVE IN THE AMBULANCE, BILLY!
AW! I'M NOT SICK!


CLANG! CLANG!
BILLY GOT A BIG THRILL OUT OF THE RIDE TO THE HIVE IN THE EMERGENCY AMBULANCE.


AND THAT EVENING HE WAS PUT RIGHT TO BED AND TREATED LIKE A HERO BY NURSE BETSY AND BONNY!
WILL YOU HAVE SOME MORE BEE BREAD AND HONEY, BILLY?
BEEVILLE
ARE YOU WARM ENOUGH, BILLY?



New York Zoological Society Photo

Mama is proud of little baby
For a baby, heavy maybe.
But that is how elephants go,
Mother nature made them so.
Had she made them very small,
They wouldn't be elephants at all.

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